

TREASUR

Treasure Chest

OF FUN & FACT®

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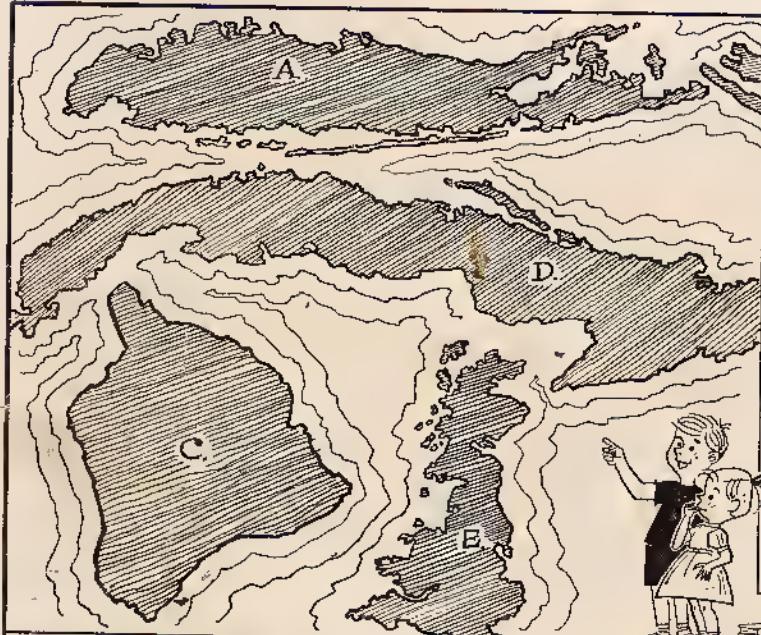


Passports to Paradise
CONFIRMATION

WEBGOMIC UNIVERSE.COM



GAME PAGE



CAN YOU PAIR
EACH ISLAND
WITH ITS NAME?
NANTUCKET
LONG ISLAND
HAWAII
CUBA
GREAT BRITAIN

100

LET'S SEE HOW GOOD
YOU ARE AT ESTIMATING
NUMBERS. (WHO KNOWS?
THIS MAY SHARPEN YOUR
EYES FOR THOSE BEAN-
COUNTING CONTESTS.)
LOOK AT THE DOTS IN
THE SQUARE FOR A
FEW SECONDS; THEN
CHECK THE ANSWER
NEAREST

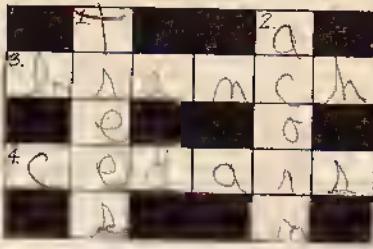
YOU THINK IS THE NEAREST.

150 DOTS 50 DOTS 75 DOTS
100 DOTS 200 DOTS 250 DOTS



HERE ARE 6 TOOTHPICKS.
BY ADDING 5 MORE I CAN MAKE
NINE. CAN YOU ??

TREES AND THEIR PARTS ARE THE SUBJECT OF THIS CROSSWORD PUZZLE.



DOWN

1. THE FIRST WORD IN THE SENTENCE ABOVE.
2. FRUIT OF THE OAK TREE.

ACROSS

3. UPPER PART OF TREE.
4. TYPE OF EVER-GREEN TREE (PLURAL)

- A. LONG ISLAND
- B. NANTUCKET
- C. HAWAII
- D. CUBA
- E. THE BRITAIN



卷之六

Passports to Paradise

—THE SACRAMENTS—
CONFIRMATION

ILLUSTRATED BY LLOYD OSTEHORFF

SO LONG, DANNY! WHILE YOU'RE AT CHURCH TOMORROW, PRAY FOR THOSE WHO WON'T BE THERE!

WE'LL BE HAVING FUN WHILE YOU'RE PRAYING TO THE SKIES!

WHY TAKE RELIGION SO SERIOUSLY, DANNY?

GOOD-BY, SAINT DANIEL!



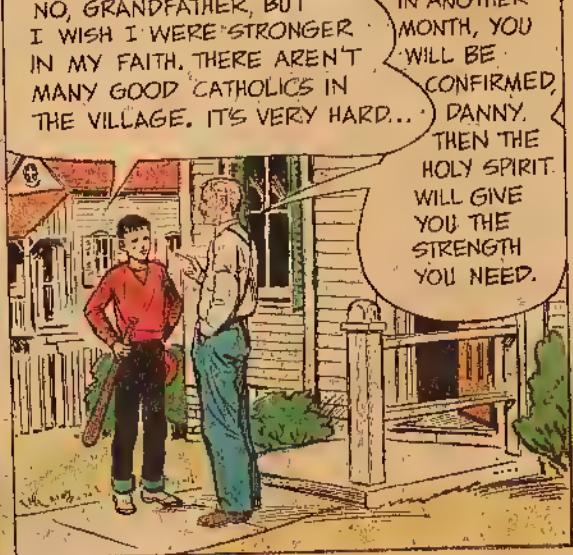
GRANDFATHER, THEY LAUGH AT ME BECAUSE I JOURNEY TO MASS EVERY WEEK. THEY MAKE FUN OF ME! I BELIEVE IN GOD AND THE CHURCH, BUT...

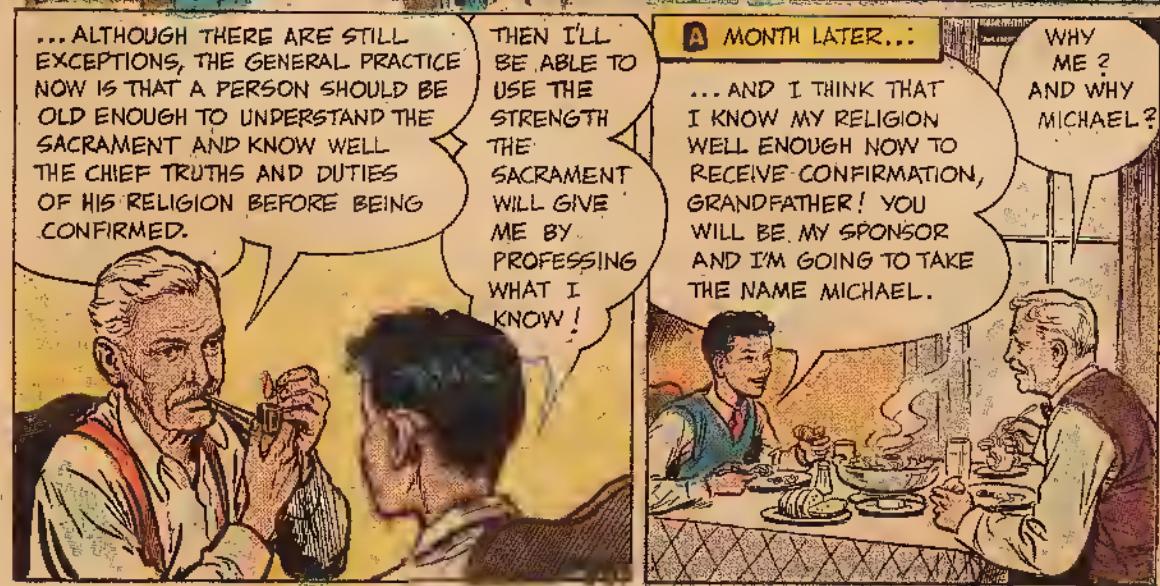
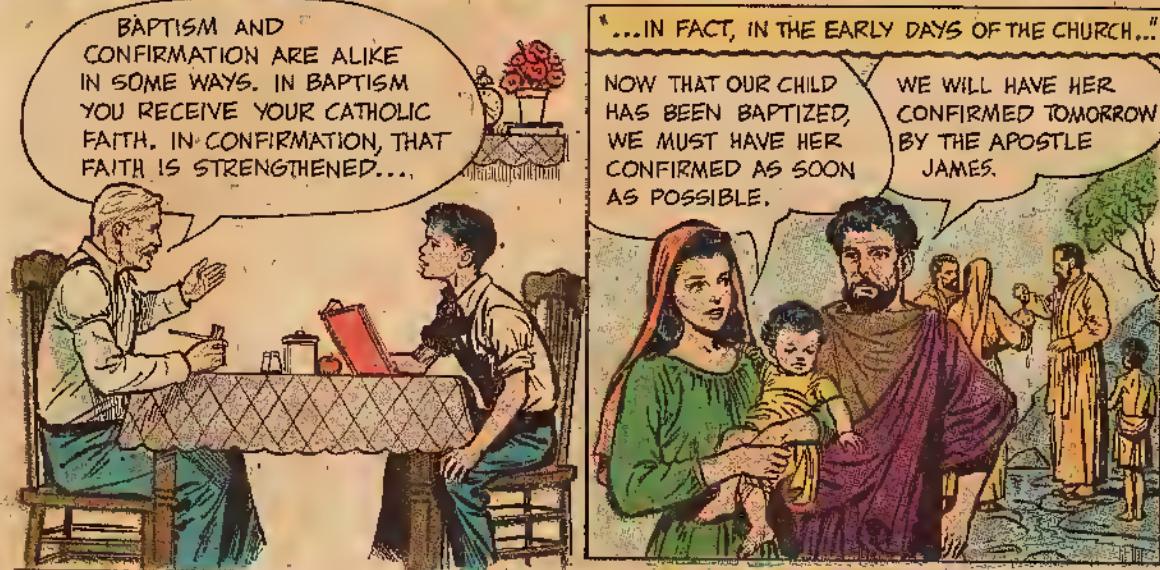
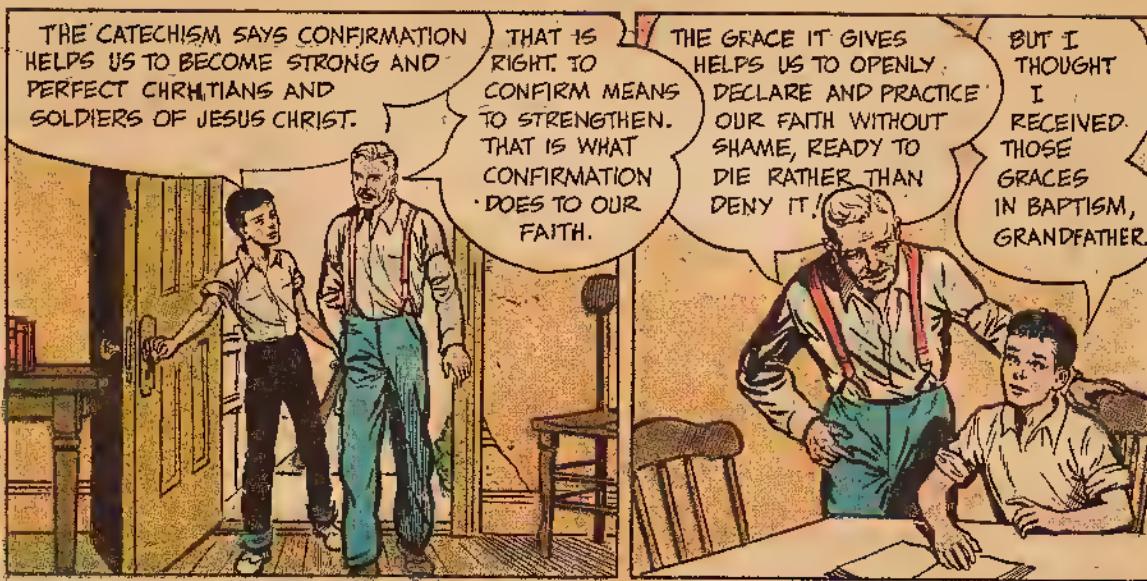
ARE YOU ASHAMED?

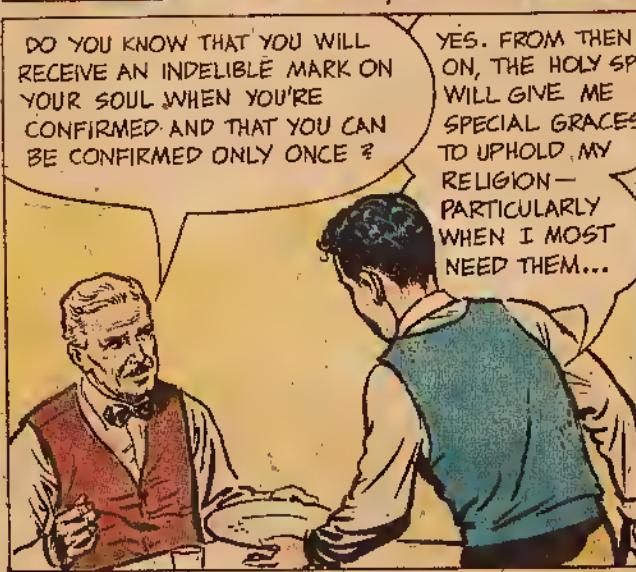
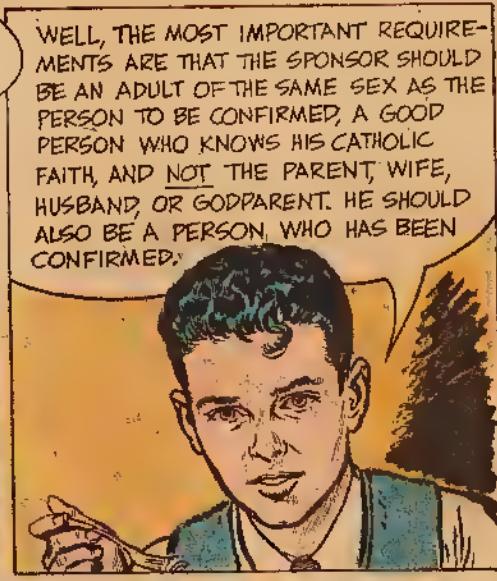
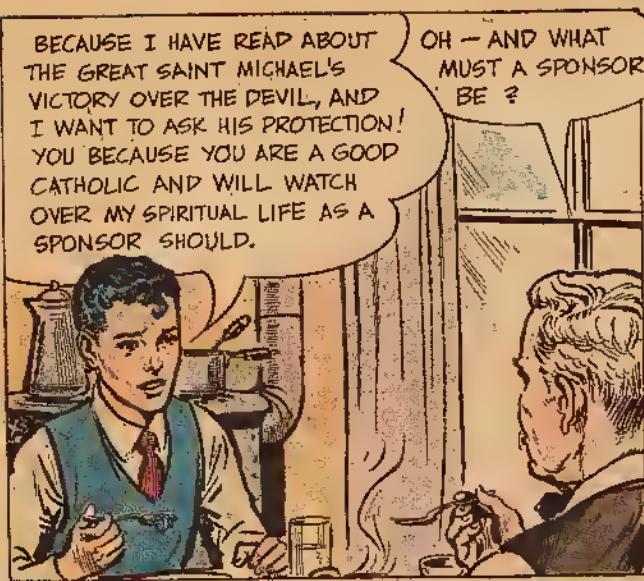
NO, GRANDFATHER, BUT I WISH I WERE STRONGER IN MY FAITH. THERE AREN'T MANY GOOD CATHOLICS IN THE VILLAGE. IT'S VERY HARD...

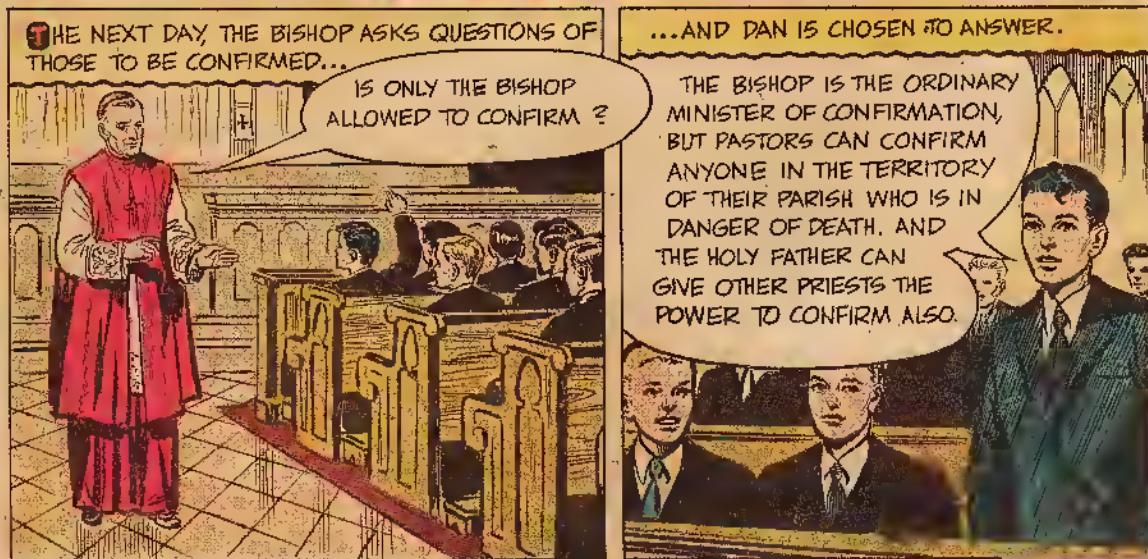
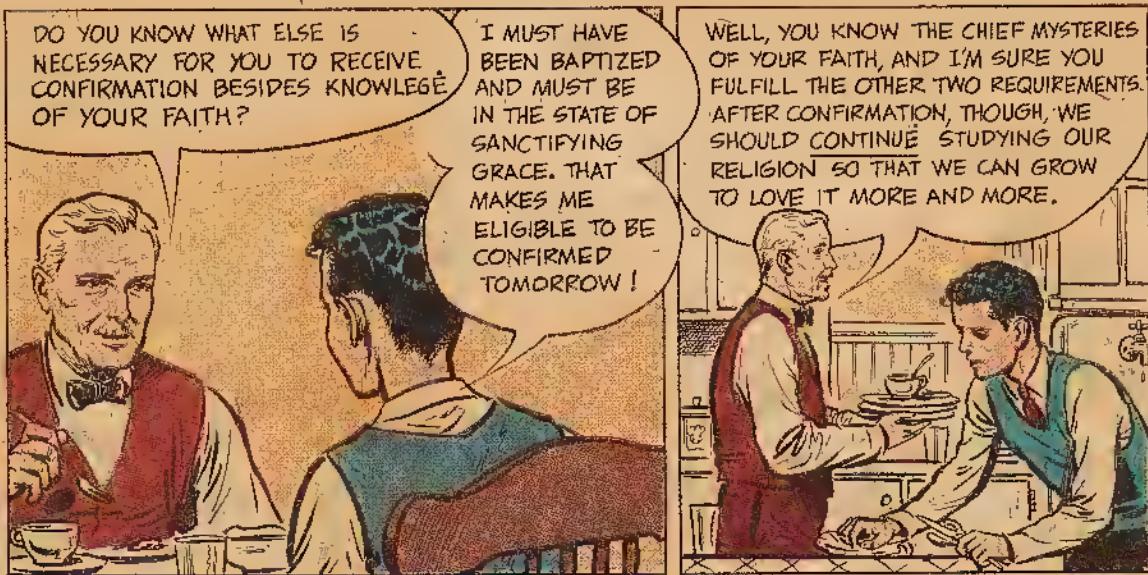
IN ANOTHER MONTH, YOU WILL BE CONFIRMED

THEN THE HOLY SPIRIT WILL GIVE YOU THE STRENGTH YOU NEED.

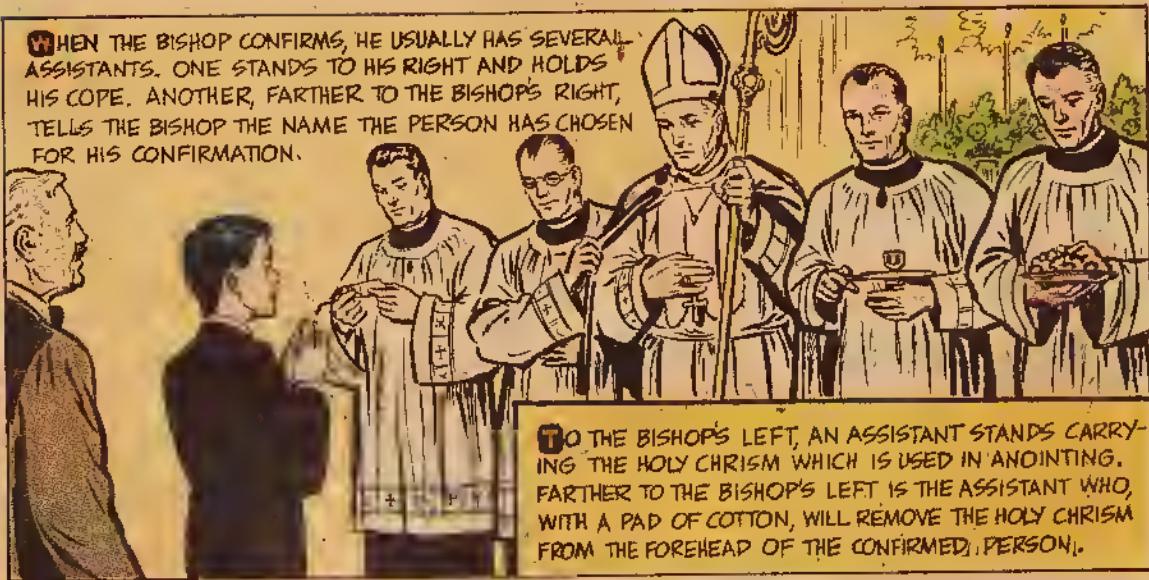








WHEN THE BISHOP CONFIRMS, HE USUALLY HAS SEVERAL ASSISTANTS. ONE STANDS TO HIS RIGHT AND HOLDS HIS COPE. ANOTHER, FARHER TO THE BISHOP'S RIGHT, TELLS THE BISHOP THE NAME THE PERSON HAS CHOSEN FOR HIS CONFIRMATION.



TO THE BISHOP'S LEFT, AN ASSISTANT STANDS CARRYING THE HOLY CHRISM WHICH IS USED IN ANOINTING. FARHER TO THE BISHOP'S LEFT IS THE ASSISTANT WHO, WITH A PAD OF COTTON, WILL REMOVE THE HOLY CHRISM FROM THE FOREHEAD OF THE CONFIRMED PERSON.

DANNY RECEIVES THE SACRAMENT.



DAN IS NOW CONFIRMED. THE MATTER OF THE SACRAMENT IS THE HOLY CHRISM AND THE LAYING ON OF THE HANDS AND THE ANOINTING BY THE BISHOP. THE FORM IS THE WORDS OF THE BISHOP.

THE BISHOP THEN STRIKES DANNY LIGHTLY ON THE CHEEK TO REMIND HIM HE MUST BE READY TO SUFFER ANYTHING FOR THE SAKE OF CHRIST.



WHEN THERE IS A LARGE GROUP THE BISHOP USUALLY CONFIRMS THE CHILDREN WHO KNEEL AT THE ALTAR RAILING.

AFTER EVERYONE IS CONFIRMED, THE BISHOP SAYS SEVERAL PRAYERS. AMONG THEM...



O GOD, WHO HAS GIVEN YOUR HOLY SPIRIT TO YOUR APOSTLES AND HAS WILLED THAT HE SHOULD BE GIVEN TO THE OTHER FAITHFUL BY THEM AND THEIR SUCCESSORS,... GRANT THAT THE SAME HOLY SPIRIT... MAY MAKE THEIR HEARTS A TEMPLE OF HIS GLORY.

THEN THE BISHOP GIVES HIS FINAL BLESSING.

MAY THE LORD BLESS YOU... THAT YOU MAY SEE THE GOOD THINGS OF JERUSALEM ALL THE DAYS OF YOUR LIFE, AND MAY HAVE LIFE EVERLASTING. AMEN.

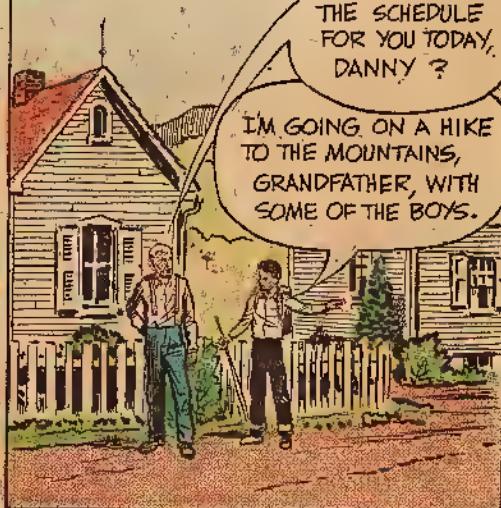


AFTER THE NEWLY CONFIRMED RECITE ALOUD THE APOSTLES' CREED, THE OUR FATHER, AND THE HAIL MARY, THE CEREMONY IS OVER.



CONGRATULATIONS!
NOW YOU'RE A SPECIAL DEPUTY OF CHRIST, READY EVEN TO DIE IN HIS DEFENSE IF NECESSARY. AND AS YOUR SPONSOR, IT IS MY JOB TO SEE THAT YOU SERVE CHRIST WELL!

THE NEXT MORNING... AND WHAT IS THE SCHEDULE FOR YOU TODAY, DANNY?

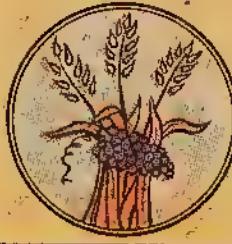


THE ONES WHO MADE FUN OF YOU? DO YOU THINK YOU'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE THEM?

THE HOLY SPIRIT WILL GIVE ME THE HELP I NEED. IF ANYONE IS ASHAMED TODAY, THEY WILL BE THE ONES.



THE NEXT SACRAMENT WE WILL CONSIDER WILL BE THE **HOLY EUCHARIST**, THE SACRAMENT IN WHICH OUR LORD COMES TO OUR ALTARS IN THE FORM OF BREAD AND WINE.



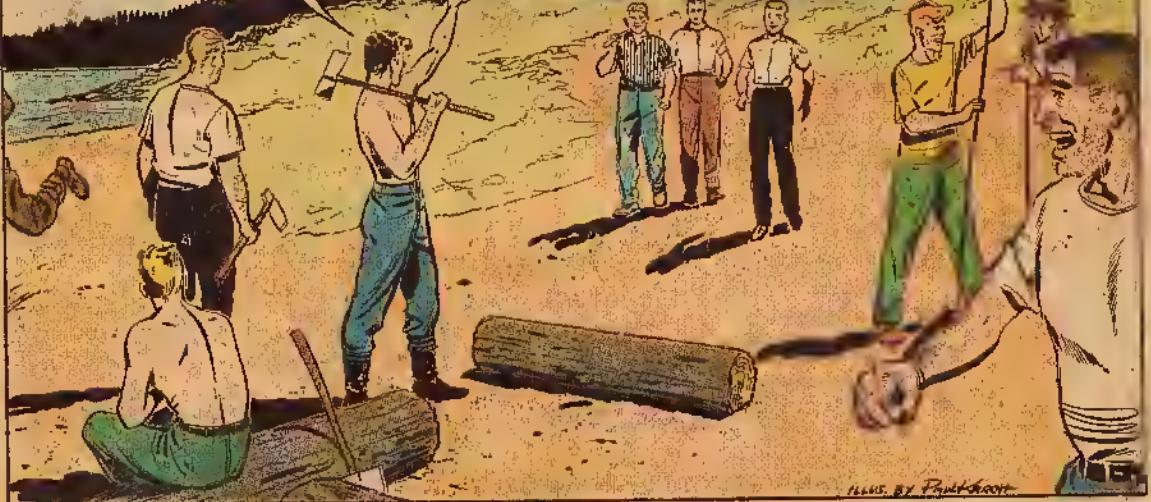
Chick White

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
By FRANCIS TAYLOR

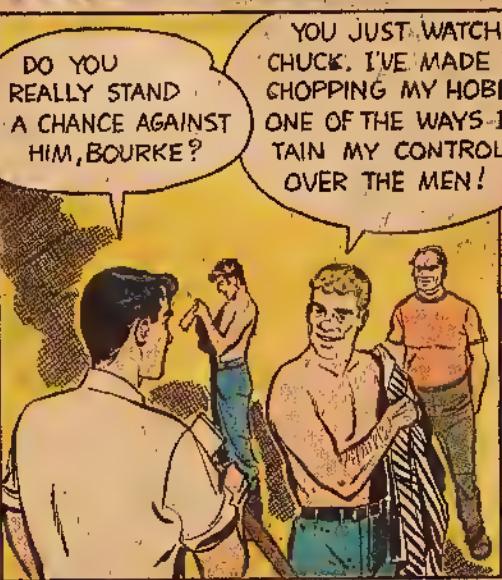
IT'S JUST BEFORE SUPPER AND THE LOGGERS ARE ITCHING FOR SOME SPORT...

COME, BOSS DILMAN, I CHALLENGE YOU TO CHOPPING CONTEST!

YOU'RE ON, PIERRE! YOU HAVEN'T BEATEN ME YET AND YOU WON'T THIS TIME!

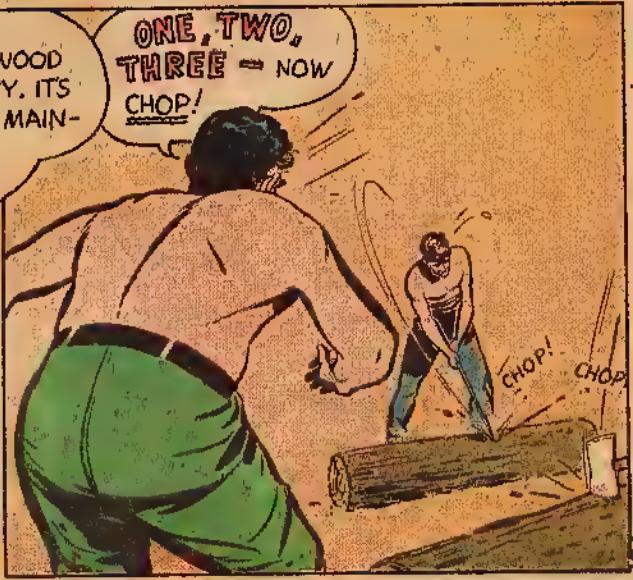


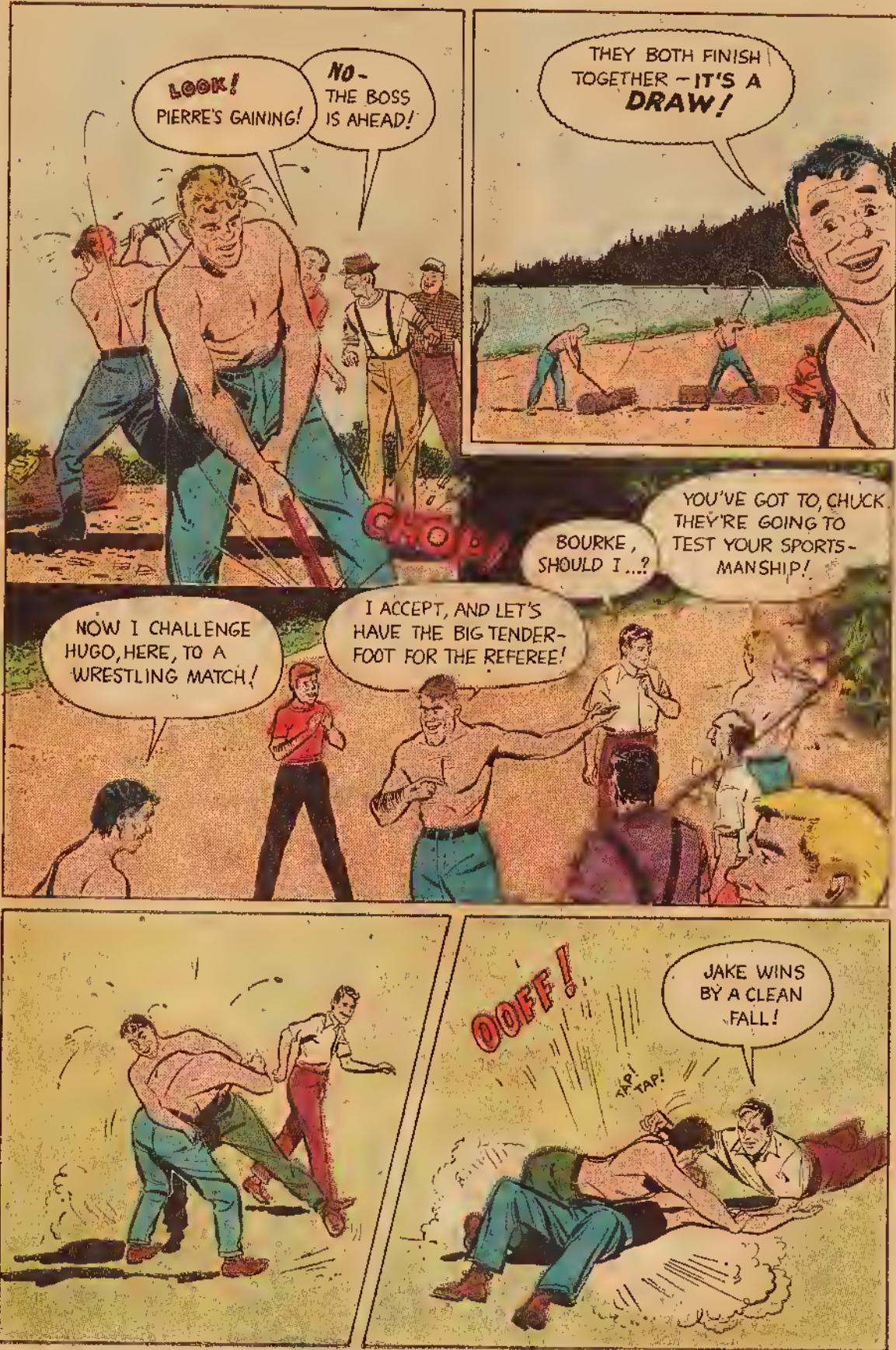
ILLUS. BY PAUL GROTH

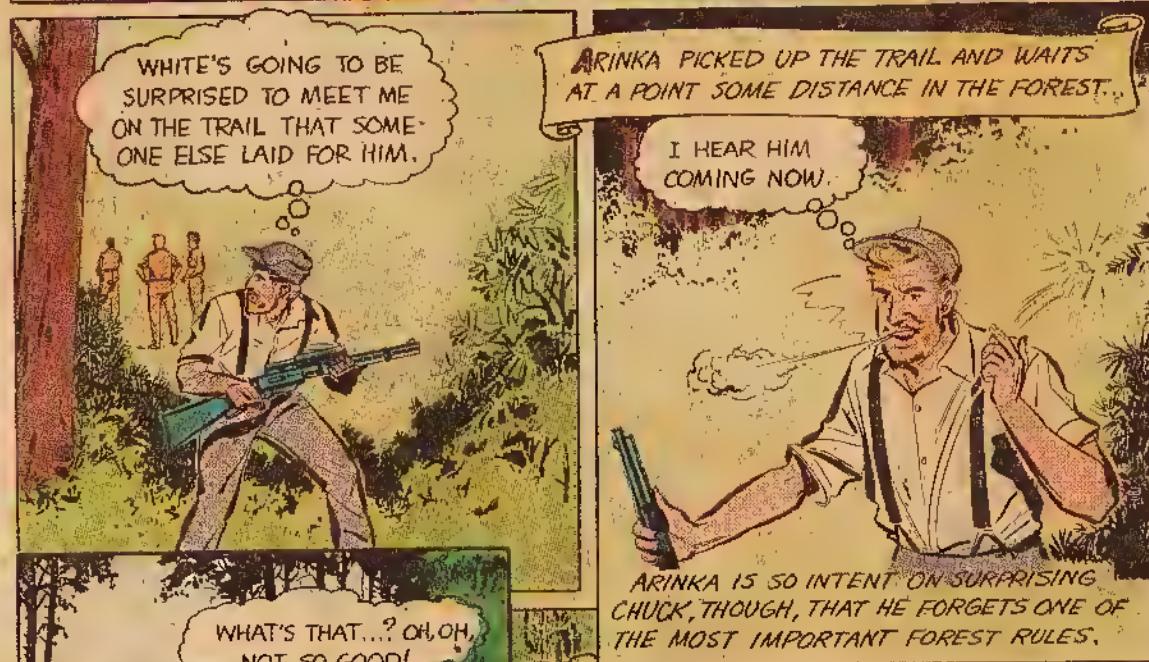


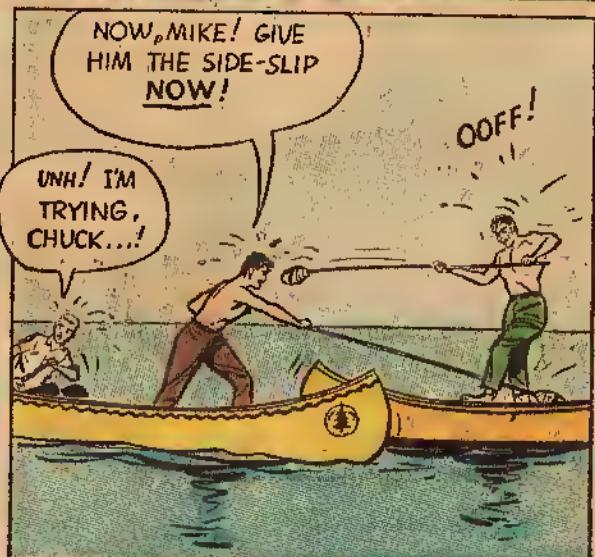
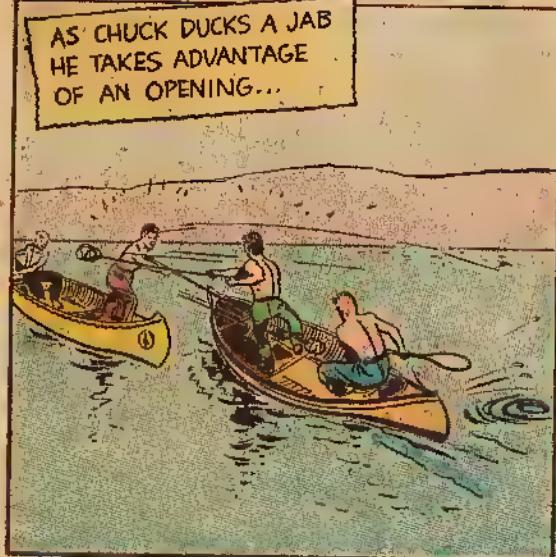
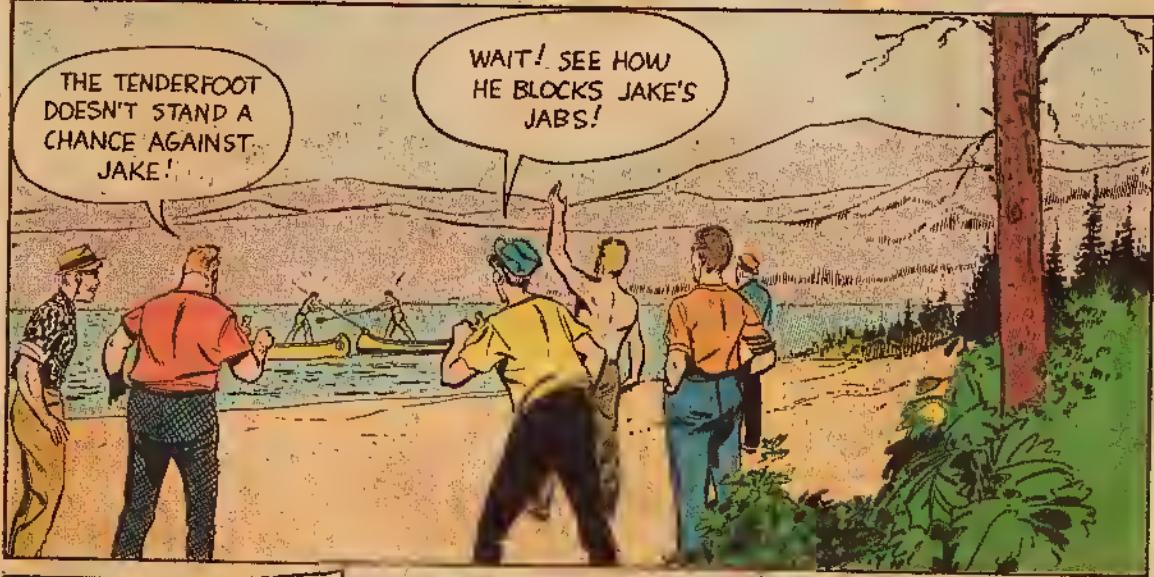
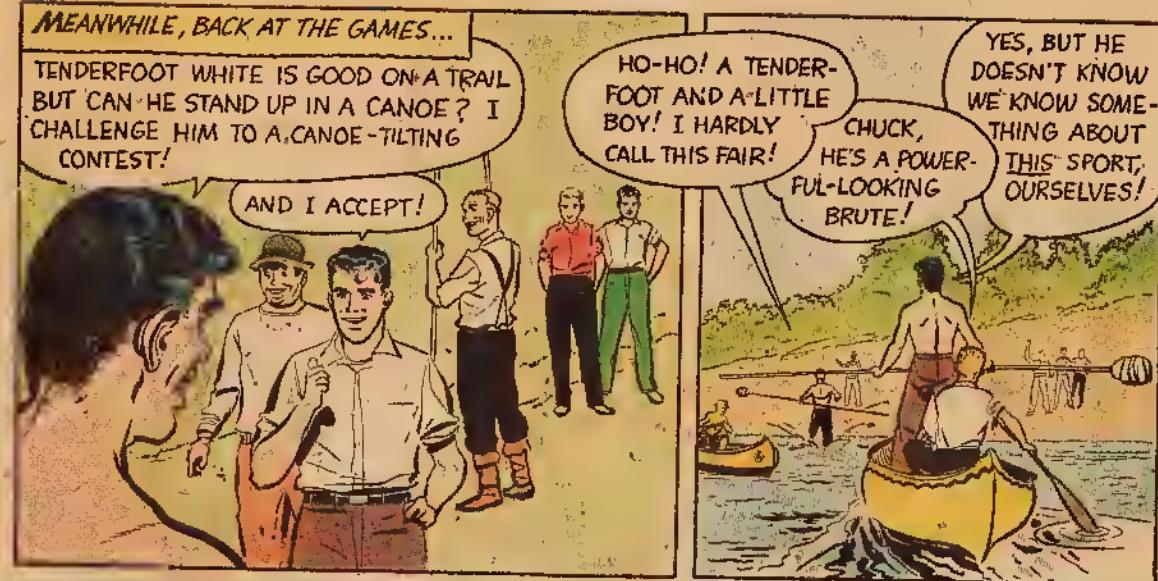
DO YOU REALLY STAND A CHANCE AGAINST HIM, BOURKE?

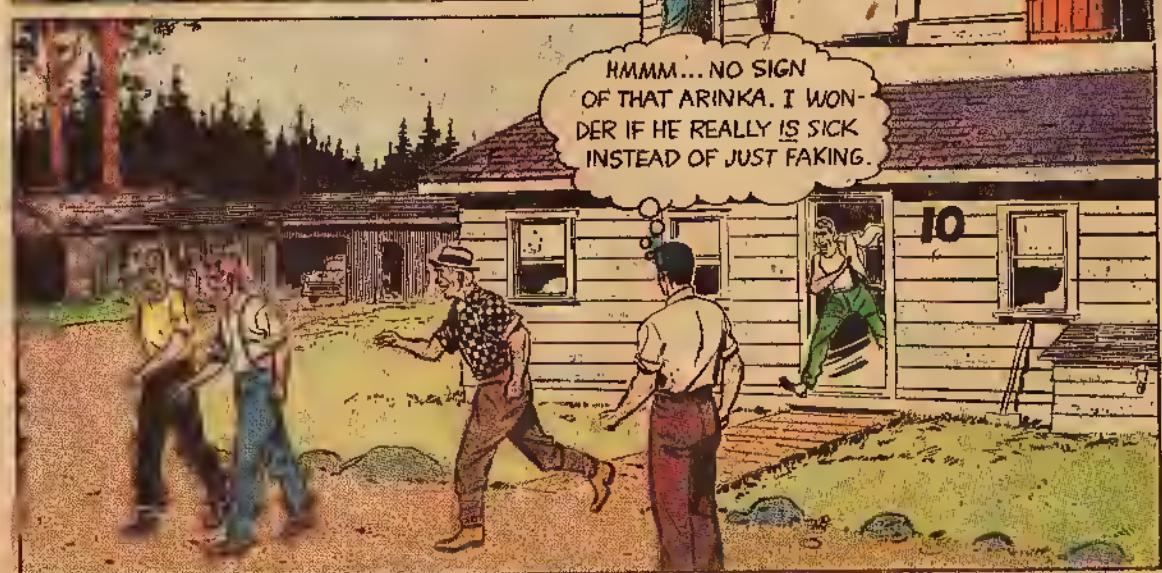
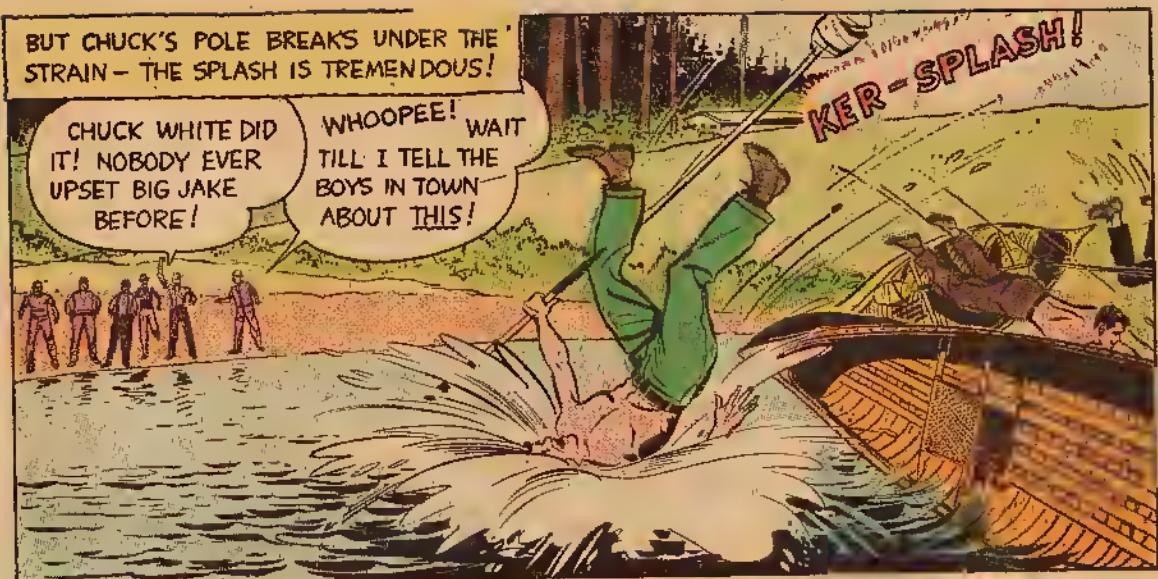
YOU JUST WATCH, CHUCK. I'VE MADE WOOD CHOPPING MY HOBBY. IT'S ONE OF THE WAYS I MAINTAIN MY CONTROL OVER THE MEN!













FRAID-CAT WARRIOR

BY IVY BOLTON

ILLUSTRATED BY *Wilbur G. Adam*

When Daniel Boone takes young Johnny Kenton and some of his friends into the forest to teach them how to handle their guns, an Indian raiding party attacks them. The Indians, headed by Black Fish, capture Daniel Boone, who had purposely allowed the Indians to chase him in order to give the boys a chance to escape. Johnny runs through the forest to warn the farmers of the raiding Indians. The other boys run to their homes in Boonesboro to give the alarm there.

Part II

Johnny ran on. Old man Heston was not in the little hut he had built for himself. Johnny saw him halfway up the hill. Twice he shouted in vain but at last the old man turned.

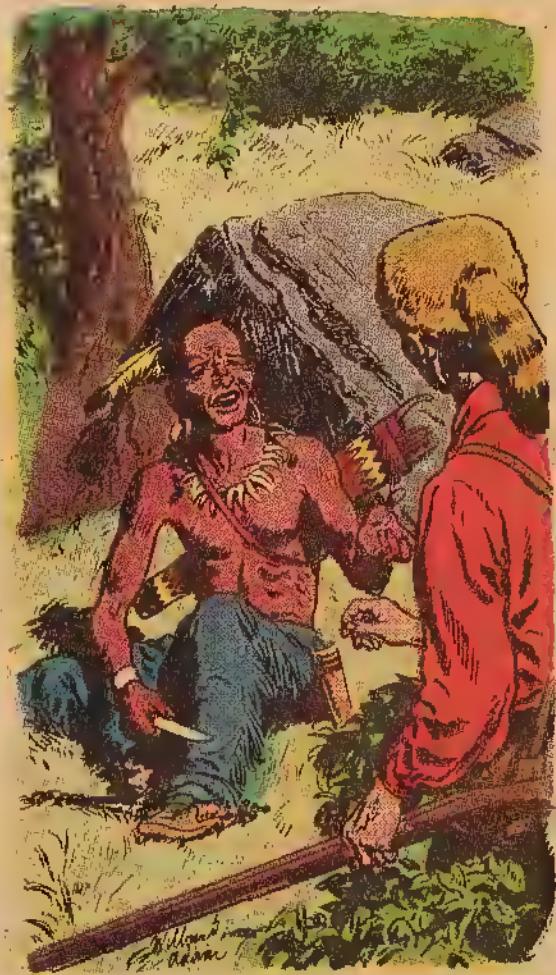
"Indians are raiding," Johnny called, and to his relief the old man jogged off at a trot and was lost to sight. Johnny made his way back to the woods which he reached just as the first Indians ran out toward the Gleason farm.

A short time later he saw the glare in the sky which told him that the Gleason farm was burning. Yells and war whoops sent the boy into a panic, and Johnny rushed through the forest on and on till he could neither see the glare nor hear the yells behind him. He found himself in a small glade of great oaks through whose branches the sun dappled the path. There were little trails leading in all directions, and as soon as he got his breath Johnny found that he was in fresh trouble. Those trails were worn by Indian feet. There was no sign of a white man's footprints on the smooth ground and by the time he had run from one path to the other, Johnny realized that he no longer had the remotest notion where Boonesboro lay. Had Dave been in time? Was there still a Boonesboro to call home? Perhaps it too was burning up. Perhaps Tom and Dave and the Gleasons had all been caught.

"Oh all this was silly. It was just being a 'fraid-cat again," Johnny told himself angrily. He must look for the moss on the trees and walk north. Only north here might not mean Boonesboro but might land him on the great prairies eventually. He found the moss, though it did not seem to be just where he expected. Somehow he must have become twisted on that mad race. There seemed to be some sort of road at the left. Johnny walked

cautiously along it and saw that it was widening and, beyond, the woods were less thick. He was tired now. The sun was getting low and perhaps he would have to spend the whole night in the forest. He had better look for a good tree.

Suddenly, he started. A voice was calling, though Johnny could not make out the words. Then there was a groan from someone in pain, and Johnny ran over to a place thick with undergrowth at the left from which the voice seemed to come. He parted the bushes and looked down into a small pit. He was face to face with an Indian!



He was a chief. He wore a golden eagle feather and in his hand was his knife. He was half lying, half sitting on the ground and he was trying to do something with his knife. As he caught sight of Johnny, he suppressed another groan by tightly compressing his lips.

Johnny saw what was the matter. The Indian's leg was caught in a trap, not one of the simpler Indian ones but the trap of a long hunter, with wicked-looking teeth biting into the caught foot and bruised leg.

The Indian could not harm Johnny if the boy ran away, but pioneers did not run away from hurt people. So Johnny went in to help if he could.

"Don't let an Indian ever know that you are afraid," had been one of Daniel Boone's instructions. All very well, but how did you do it? Anyway the first thing was the trap, and Johnny knelt down to tackle it. He tried to open it—very unsuccessfully at first—and then more by luck than anything else, the trap sprang open. Johnny lifted the wounded leg as carefully as he could and the Indian fainted.

Johnny wished for his mother. He tried to think what she had done when his little brother, Timmy, had cut himself with the axe. Johnny had bandages with him—all the boys were given those—and he applied one the best he knew how. Although it was crude looking it seemed to stop the bleeding, and the Indian opened his eyes and

sat up. Johnny sat back on his heels and looked at him.

The Indian took the eagle feather from his headband and handed it to Johnny. "Poleface, go get help," he said in broken English.

That was not surprising. Most of the Indians spoke some. Johnny rose to his feet. "Where?" he asked.

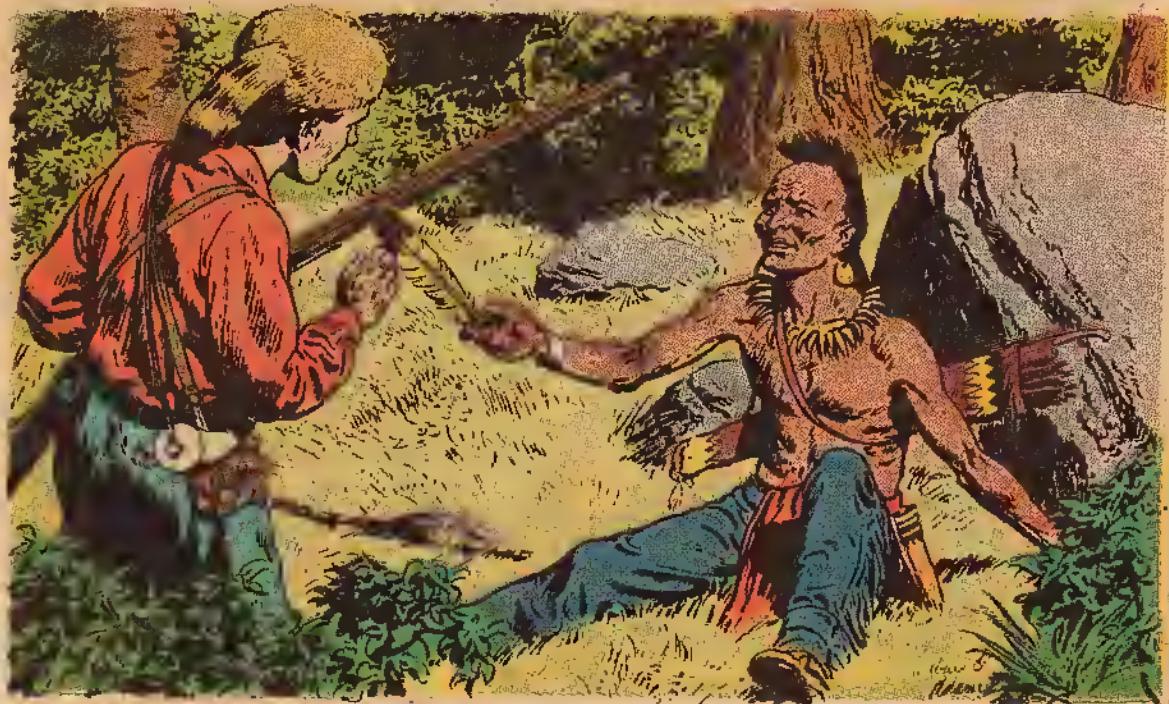
The Indian nodded and motioned for Johnny's coon cap. From somewhere in his attire, the chief extracted a small golden feather and a white one. These he fastened carefully in Johnny's cap.

"Go by trail," he said, carefully pointing. "End of wood go this way." He pointed to the left. "Soon come to Cherokee Camp. Get Wise Owl. Say Golden Eagle send you."

Johnny gasped. "If you get into the Cherokee country, you will be a sorry boy," Daniel Boone had said, laughing. And here was Johnny right in the midst of it!

The Indian on the ground at his feet was none other than the fiercest of the Cherokee chiefs, who hated the polefaces and would have nothing to do with them. He had been driven from all but a corner of the Tennessee lands and had come over here to the Kentucky Cumberlands. He had picked up some English from the long hunters and captives.

Johnny jogged off on the trail. He could run away, of course, but outside the fact that he had





nowhere to go, to leave a wounded man all night in the forest at the mercy of wild beasts was unthinkable. Johnny watched the descending sun with some anxiety and heaved a sigh of relief as he came in sight of the Cherokee camp.

It was a big one and fortified. Guards were at the entrance, and Johnny ran to the nearest. He held out the golden feather.

"Chief Golden Eagle sent me with this," he said. "He is hurt. He wants Wise Owl."

The Indian took the feather and stared at it. Then he shouted to some young braves, who came to surround Johnny, yelling, shouting, pushing him—and oh horrors! getting out their knives. Some picked up stones or sticks. Somehow they made a double line and pulled Johnny to the head of it. He knew now that they had not understood a word he had said.

"Does no one speak English?" he cried. "Chief Golden Eagle is hurt."

The guard still held the feather and ran to the campfire. It was quite a distance across the way and old Indians were grouped about it.

Johnny did not see any more. Someone pushed him and Johnny ran between the lines. Sticks and

stones were showered upon him; he was kicked and slapped. Knives pricked him sharply, but by running fast he was soon at the other end, for the double line was not a long one.

The braves tried to turn Johnny back but he had had enough and he lost his temper. He stamped his foot and faced first one and then the other.

"Chief Golden Eagle is hurt," he shouted and pointed to the woods. "I want Wise Owl. Where is Wise Owl?"

"Wise Owl is here." The voice was stern and the braves slipped out of line and began to slink away. Johnny found himself face to face with the tallest Indian he had ever seen. He wore a feathered headdress on his gray hair and his cloak was gorgeously beaded. His deerskin clothes also were beaded and decorated.

"I am Wise Owl," he said. He pointed to the white feather in Johnny's cap. "Braves should have seen feather of peace," he added. "What does paleface boy want with me?"

(To be continued)

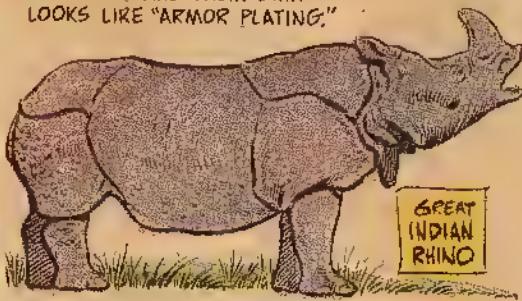
Animals of Africa

by FRANK BORTH

RHINOS

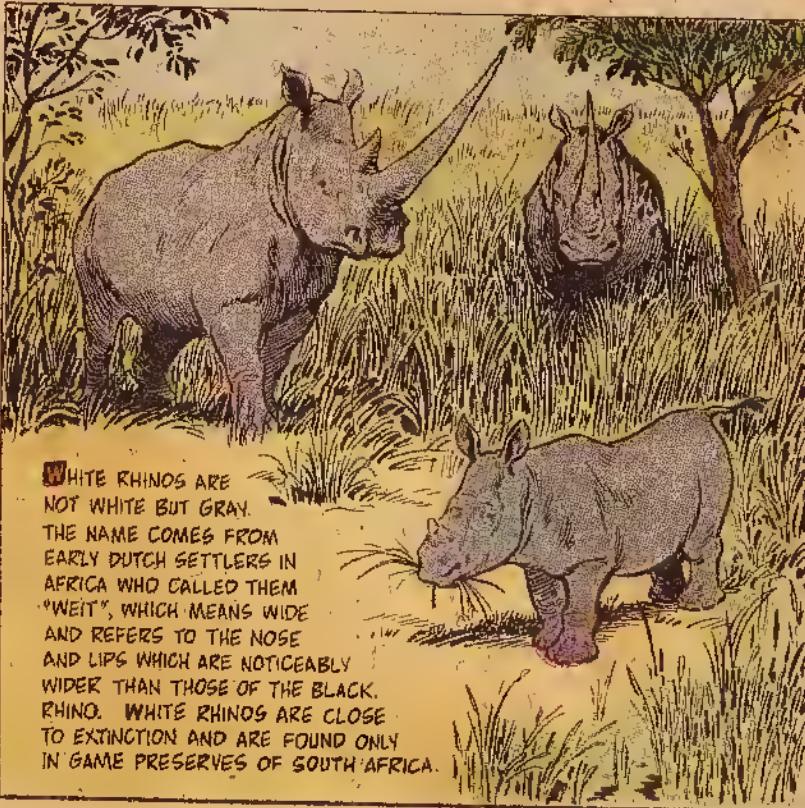
AFTER THE ELEPHANT, THE RHINOCEROS IS THE NEXT-LARGEST ANIMAL IN THE WORLD. THERE ARE FIVE SPECIES: THREE ARE FOUND IN ASIA AND TWO IN AFRICA.

THE ASIAN TYPE HAVE ONLY ONE HORN AND THEIR SKIN LOOKS LIKE "ARMOR PLATING."



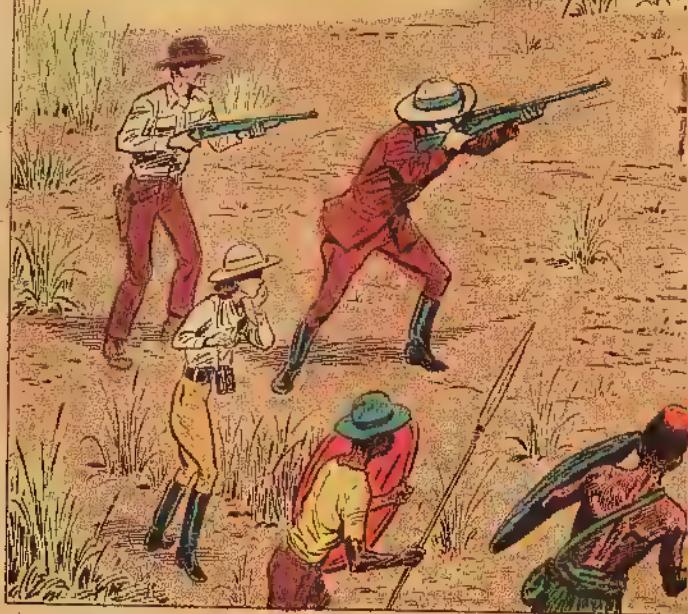
GREAT INDIAN RHINO

BOTH AFRICAN SPECIES, THE WHITE AND THE BLACK RHINOS, HAVE TWO HORMS AND ARE SMOOTH-SKINNED.



WHITE RHINOS ARE NOT WHITE BUT GRAY. THE NAME COMES FROM EARLY DUTCH SETTLERS IN AFRICA WHO CALLED THEM "WEIT", WHICH MEANS WIDE AND REFERS TO THE NOSE AND LIPS WHICH ARE NOTICEABLY WIDER THAN THOSE OF THE BLACK RHINO. WHITE RHINOS ARE CLOSE TO EXTINCTION AND ARE FOUND ONLY IN GAME PRESERVES OF SOUTH AFRICA.

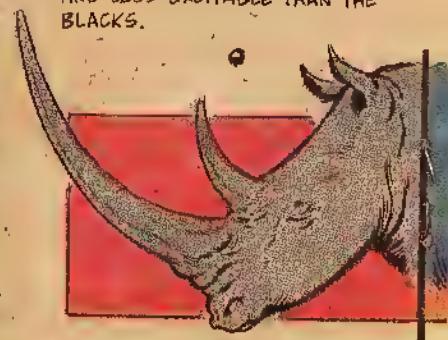
LIKE MOST WILD ANIMALS, RHINOS HAVE BEEN PICTURED IN STORIES AND MOVIES AS FEROCIOUS, BAD-TEMPERED MONSTERS, ALWAYS CHARGING SOME HAPLESS BIG-GAME HUNTER. ACTUALLY, THEY ARE DULL-WITTED, EASILY PANICKED CREATURES THAT CHARGE ONLY WHEN AROUSED BY FEAR OR ANGER.



WHITE RHINOS ARE OVER SIX FEET TALL AT THE SHOULDERS.

THEIR FRONT HORN SOMETIMES GROW OVER 60 INCHES LONG!

THEY FEED ALMOST ENTIRELY ON GRASSES. THEY ARE HEAVIER AND LESS EXCITABLE THAN THE BLACKS.



THE HORN IS NOT MADE OF BONE BUT TOUGH, FIBROUS HAIR GROWING FROM THE SKULL AS ARE THE HORNS OF OTHER PLACE. BY THE TOUGH SKIN. RIVAL BULLS BATTLES, USING THEIR HORNS, WHICH ARE DIG INTO THE OTHER'S THICK HIDE.

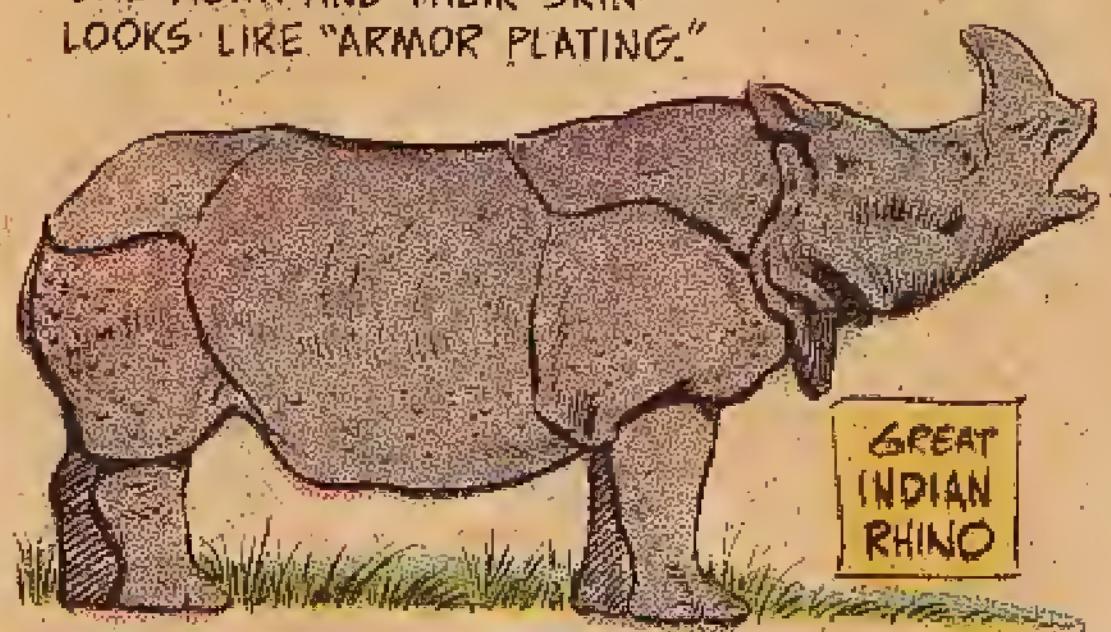
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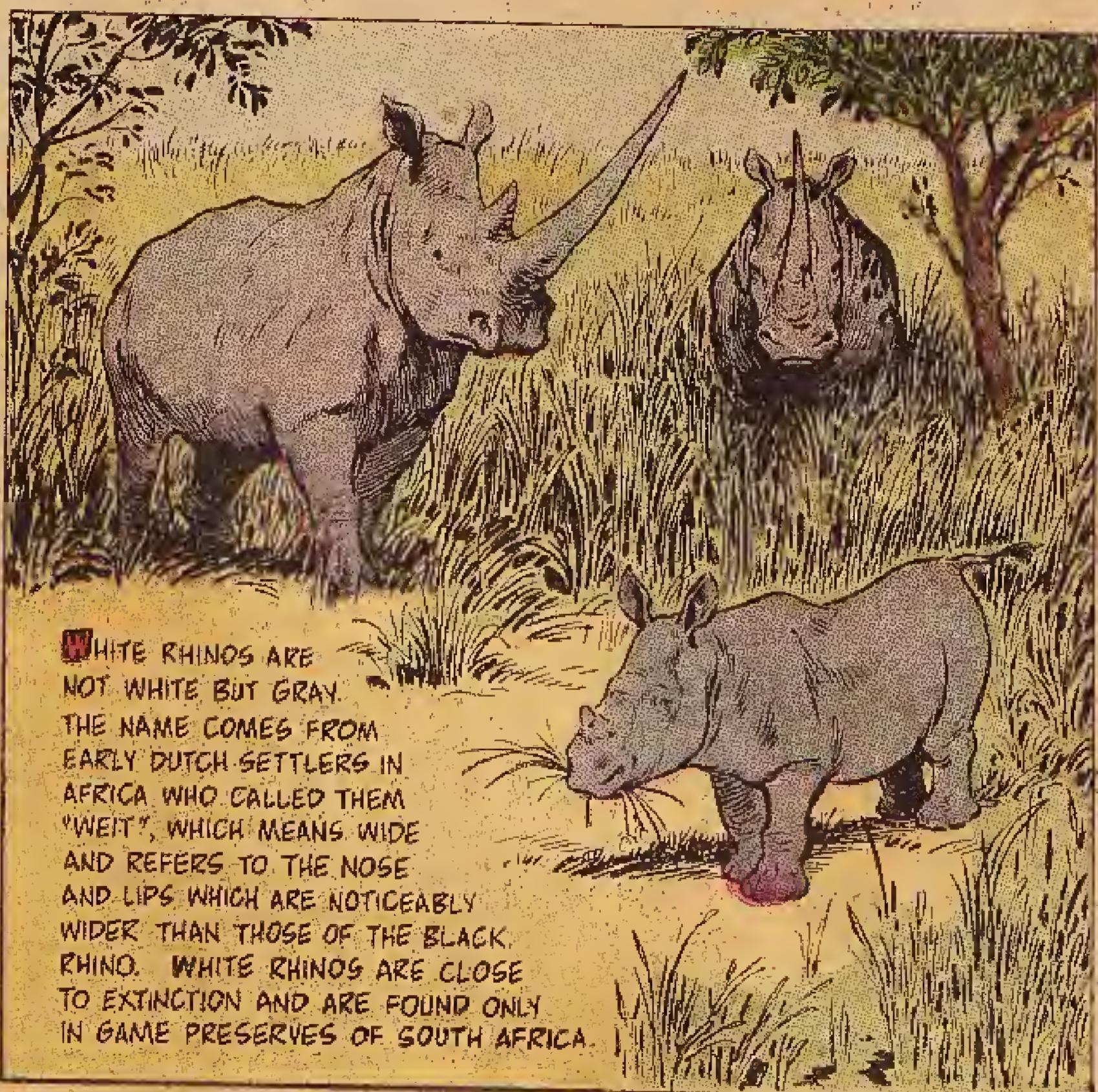
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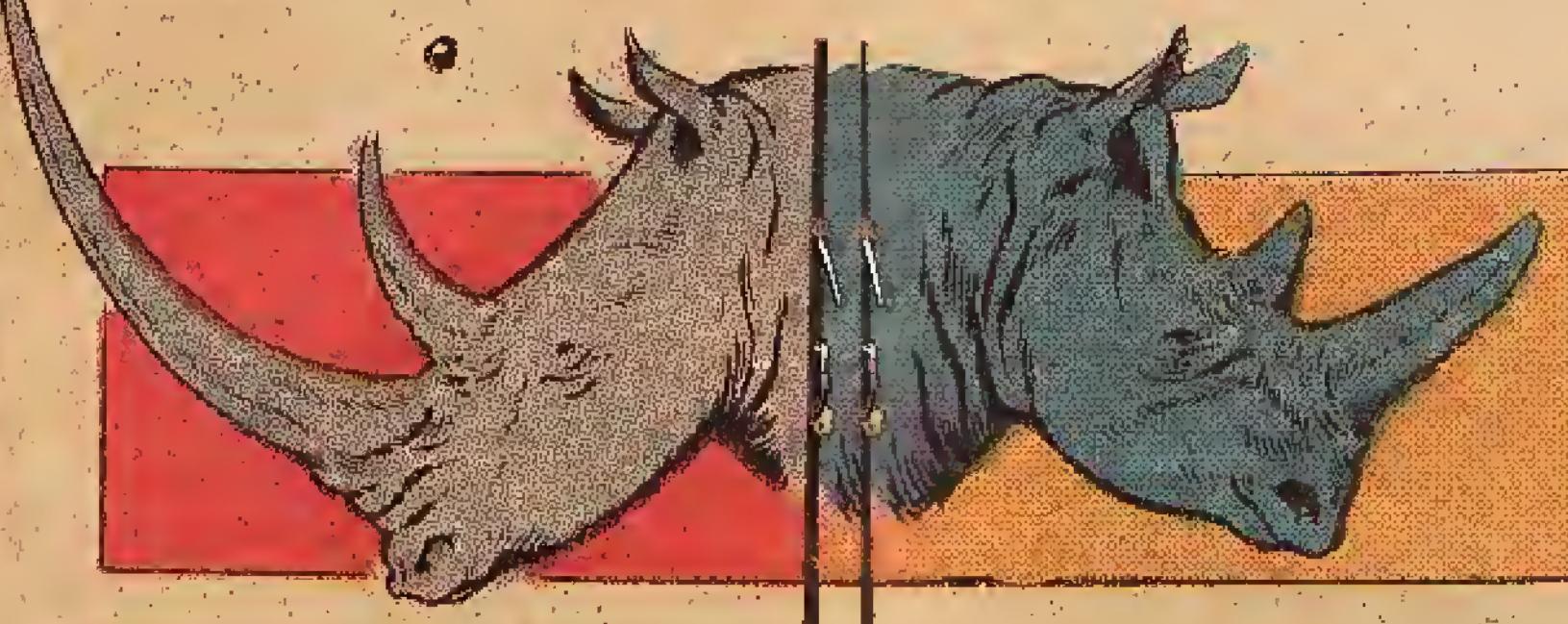


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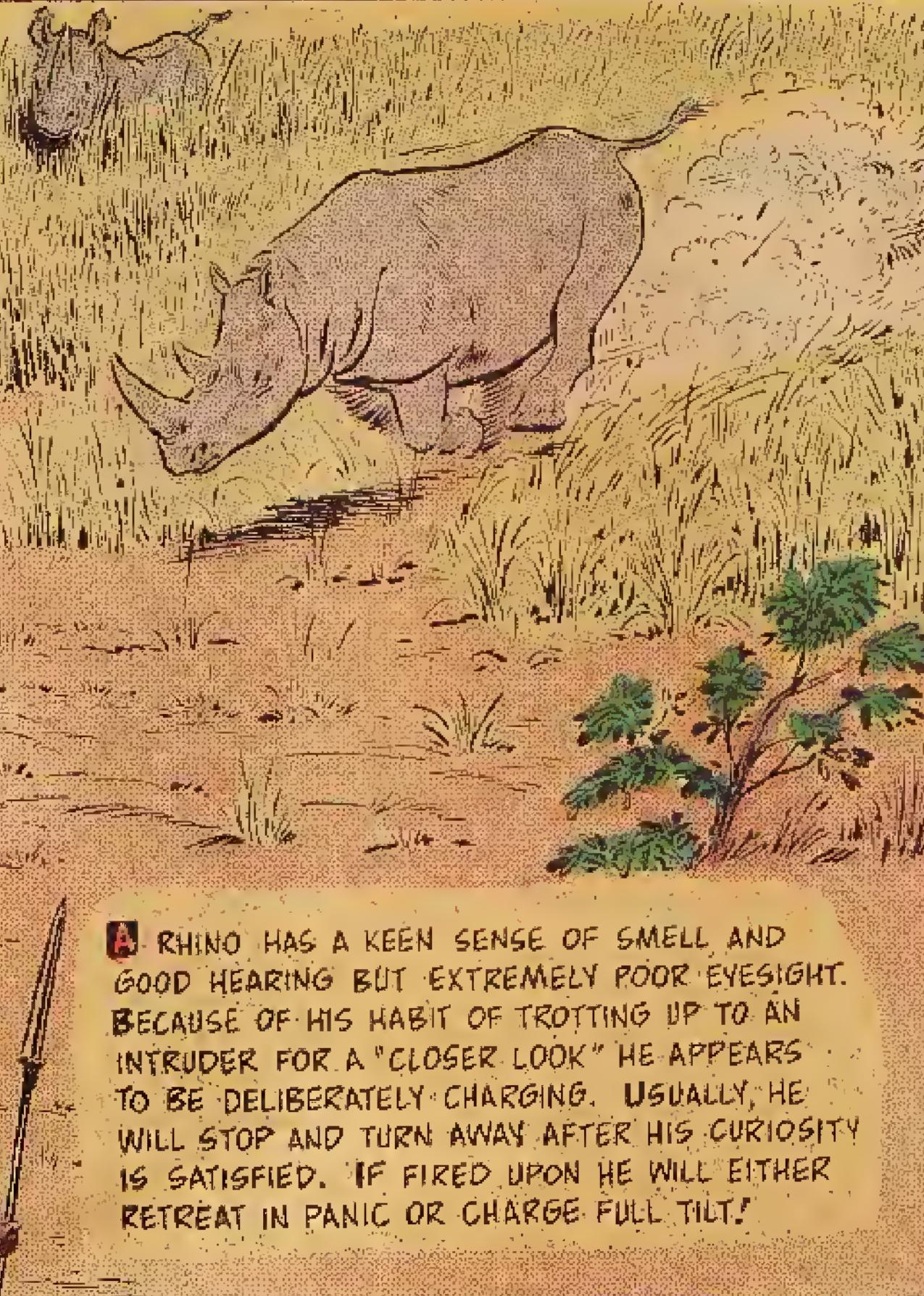
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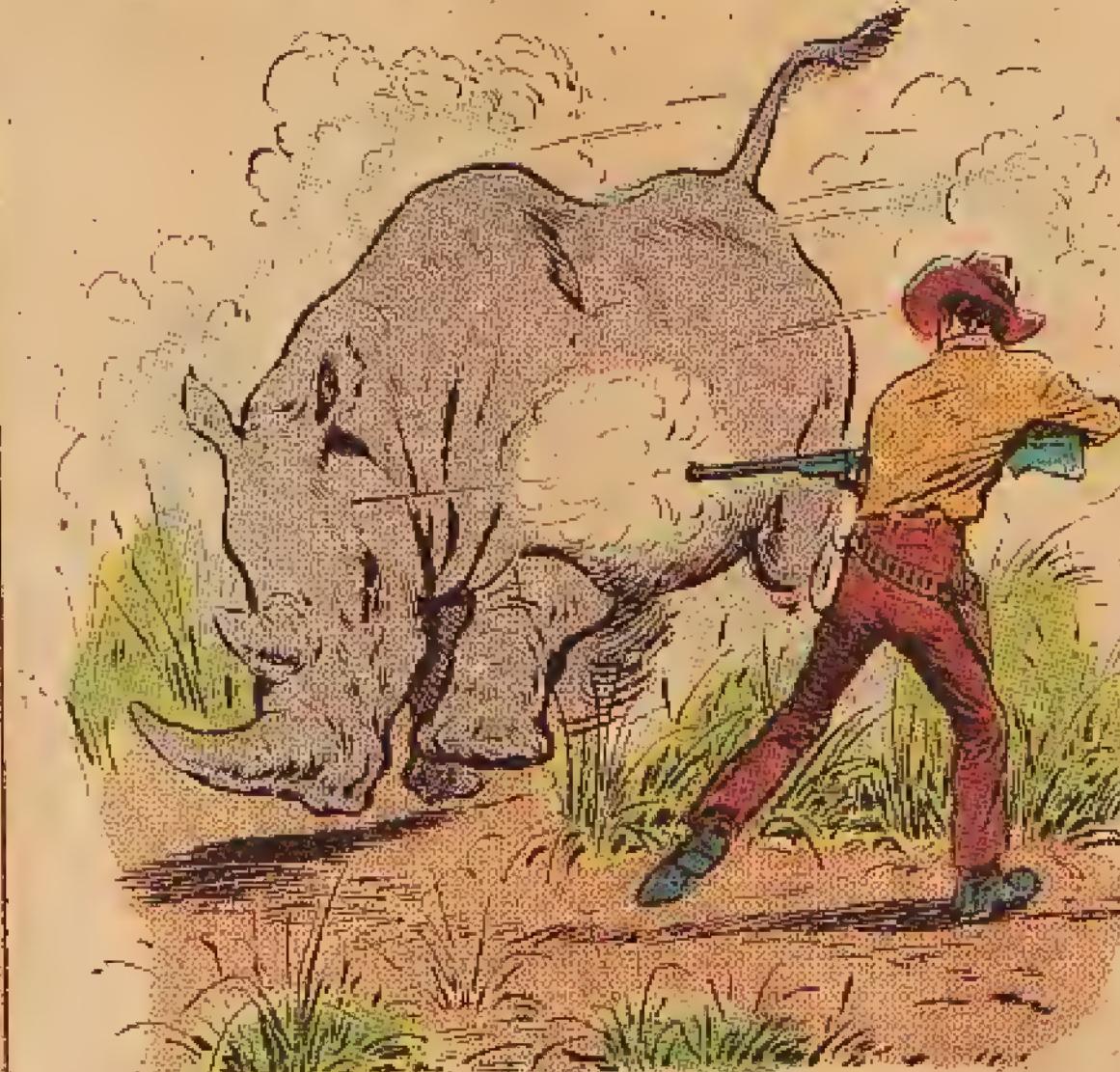


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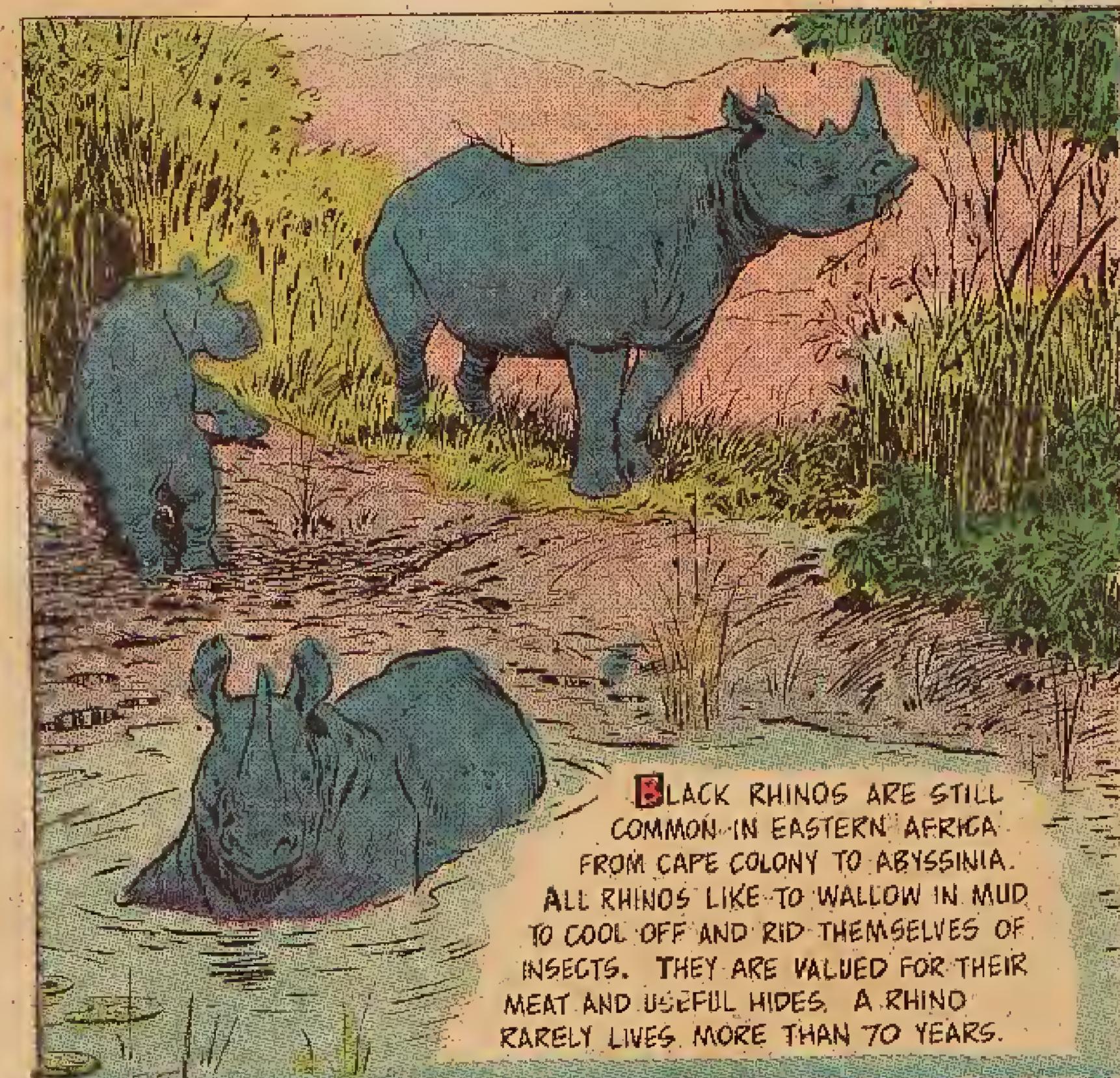


A RHINO HAS A KEEN SENSE OF SMELL AND GOOD HEARING BUT EXTREMELY POOR EYESIGHT. BECAUSE OF HIS HABIT OF TROTTING UP TO AN INTRUDER FOR A "CLOSER LOOK" HE APPEARS TO BE DELIBERATELY CHARGING. USUALLY, HE WILL STOP AND TURN AWAY AFTER HIS CURIOSITY IS SATISFIED. IF FIRED UPON HE WILL EITHER RETREAT IN PANIC OR CHARGE FULL TILT!

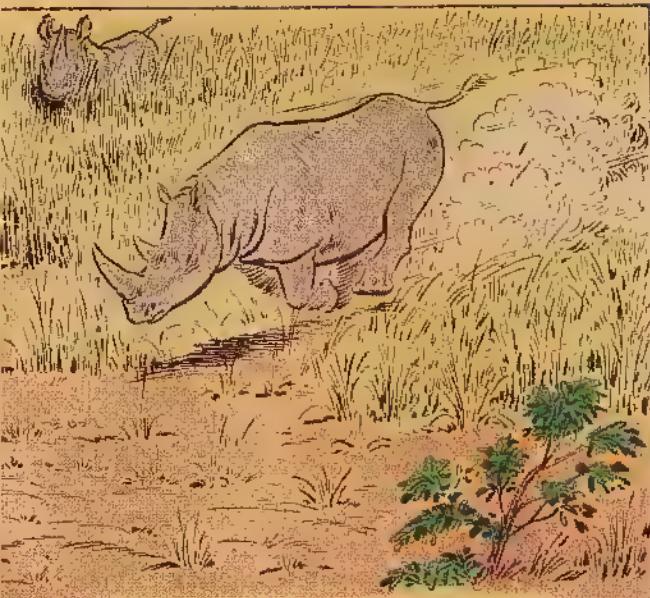
EXPERIENCED GUIDES SAY THE BEST WAY TO ESCAPE A CHARGING RHINO IS TO WAIT UNTIL HE LOWER'S HIS HEAD -- ABOUT TWENTY YARDS AWAY -- THEN JUST STEP OUT OF THE WAY! A RHINO CAN RUN 30 MILES PER HOUR, BUT HE CAN'T SEE YOU WITH HIS HEAD DOWN.



AS HE RUMBLES BY, YOU EITHER SHOOT HIM IN THE TEMPLE OR RACE FOR THE NEAREST BIG TREE. IF HE CAN HOOK AND "TOSS" HIS VICTIM, HE THEN TRAMPLES IT TO DEATH. A RHINOCEROS WEIGHS ABOUT THREE TONS.

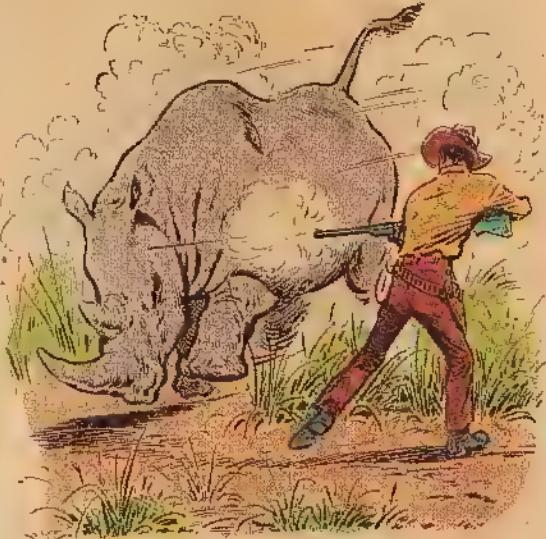


BLACK RHINOS ARE STILL COMMON IN EASTERN AFRICA, FROM CAPE COLONY TO ABYSSINIA. ALL RHINOS LIKE TO WALLOW IN MUD TO COOL OFF AND RID THEMSELVES OF INSECTS. THEY ARE VALUED FOR THEIR MEAT AND USEFUL HIDES. A RHINO RARELY LIVES MORE THAN 70 YEARS.



A RHINO HAS A KEEN SENSE OF SMELL AND GOOD HEARING BUT EXTREMELY POOR EYESIGHT. BECAUSE OF HIS HABIT OF TROTTING UP TO AN INTRUDER FOR A "CLOSER LOOK" HE APPEARS TO BE DELIBERATELY CHARGING. USUALLY, HE WILL STOP AND TURN AWAY AFTER HIS CURIOSITY IS SATISFIED. IF FIRED UPON HE WILL EITHER RETREAT IN PANIC OR CHARGE FULL TILT!

EXPERIENCED GUIDES SAY THE BEST WAY TO ESCAPE A CHARGING RHINO IS TO WAIT UNTIL HE LOWERS HIS HEAD -- ABOUT TWENTY YARDS AWAY -- THEN JUST STEP OUT OF THE WAY! A RHINO CAN RUN 30 MILES PER HOUR, BUT HE CAN'T SEE YOU WITH HIS HEAD DOWN.



AS HE RUMBLERS BY, YOU EITHER SHOOT HIM IN THE TEMPLE OR RACE FOR THE NEAREST BIG TREE. IF HE CAN HOOK AND "TOSS" HIS VICTIM, HE THEN TRAMPLES IT TO DEATH.

A RHINOCEROS WEIGHS ABOUT THREE TONS.

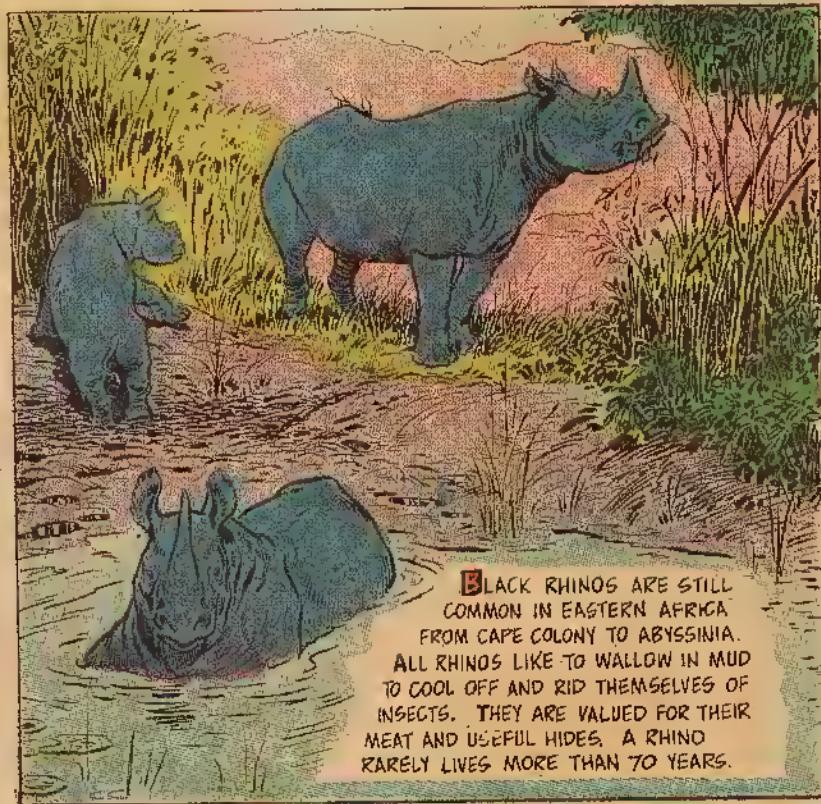
BLACK RHINOS ARE SMALLER -- LESS THAN SIX FEET TALL.

THEIR HORNS ARE SHORTER, RARELY MORE THAN 30 INCHES LONG.

THEIR LIPS ARE NARROW AND ENABLE THEM TO PLUCK LEAVES AND SHOOT OFF TREES.



BUT IS MADE UP OF CLOSELY PACKED, A THE SKIN. IT IS NOT ATTACHED TO OTHER ANIMALS, BUT IS FIRMLY HELD IN BULLS STAGE FIGHT-TO-THE-FINISH AND ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO SLASH AND



BLACK RHINOS ARE STILL COMMON IN EASTERN AFRICA FROM CAPE COLONY TO ABYSSINIA. ALL RHINOS LIKE TO WALLOW IN MUD TO COOL OFF AND RID THEMSELVES OF INSECTS. THEY ARE VALUED FOR THEIR MEAT AND USEFUL HIDES. A RHINO RARELY LIVES MORE THAN 70 YEARS.

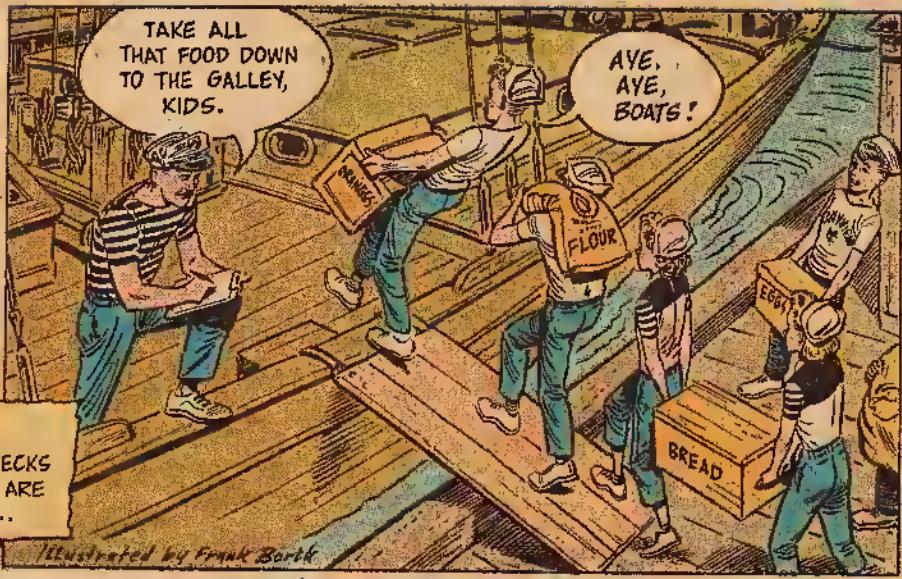
THE CHAMP GOES TO SEA!

CHAPTER FOUR

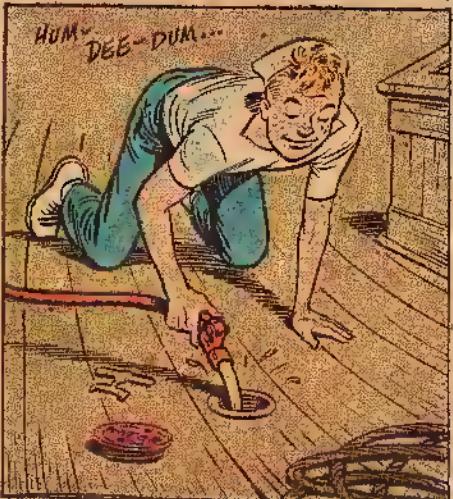
by

CAPT. FRANK MOSS

IT'S SAILING DAY!
BOATSWAIN REILLY CHECKS
THE STORES AS THEY ARE
BROUGHT ON BOARD...

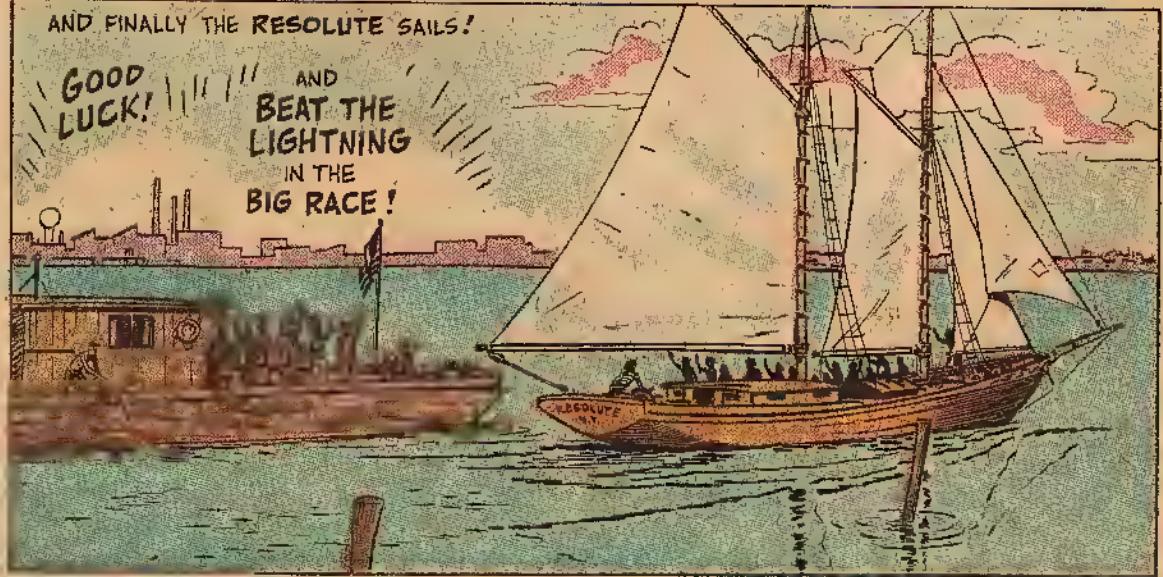


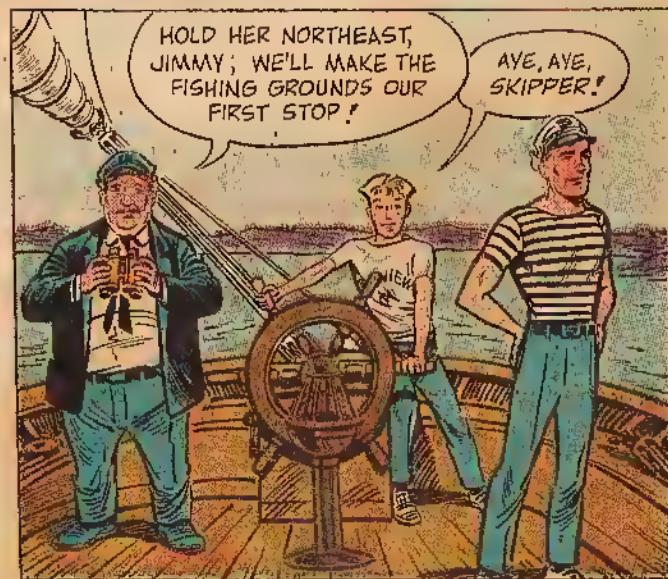
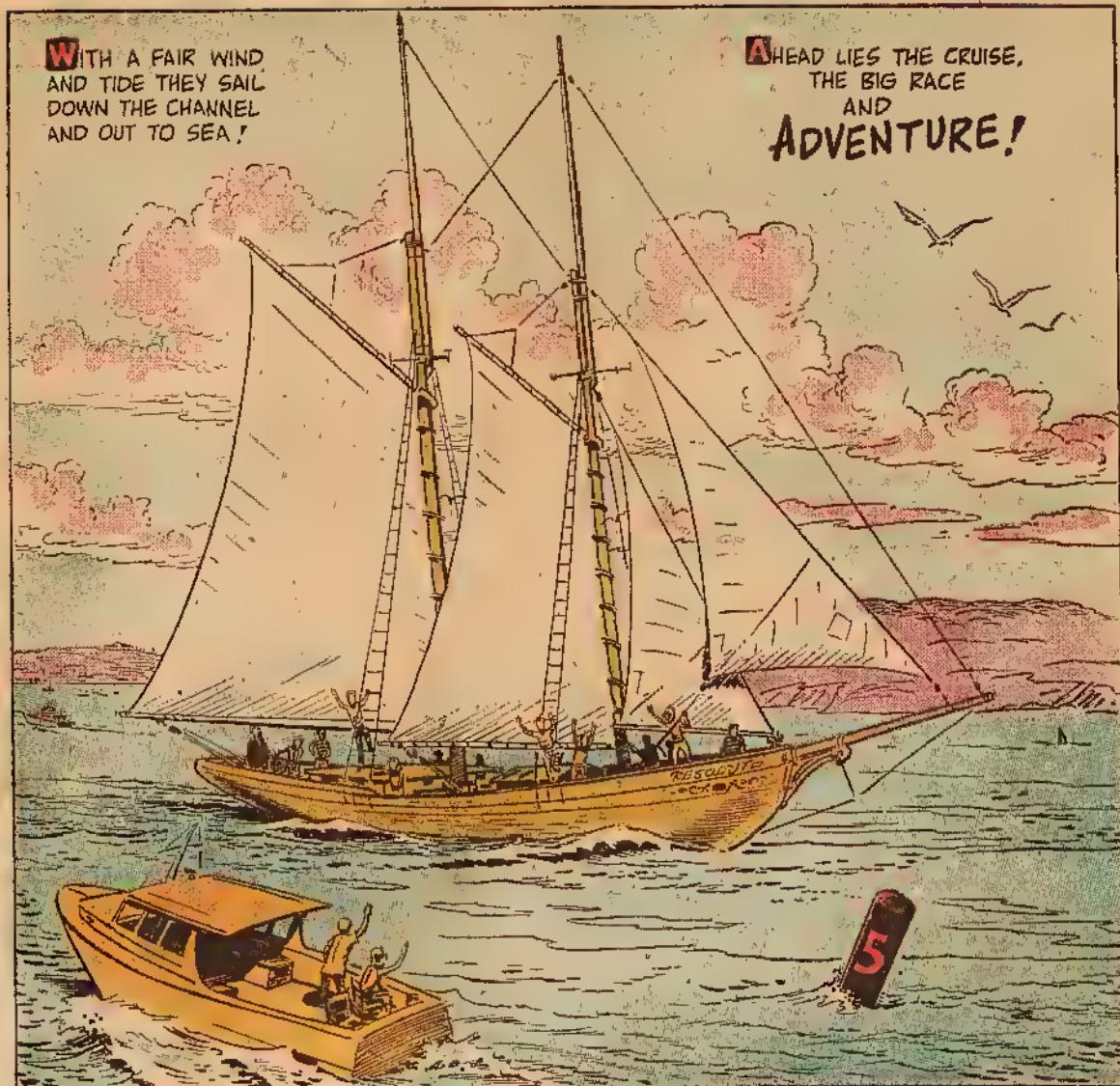
THE WATER TANKS ARE FILLED...

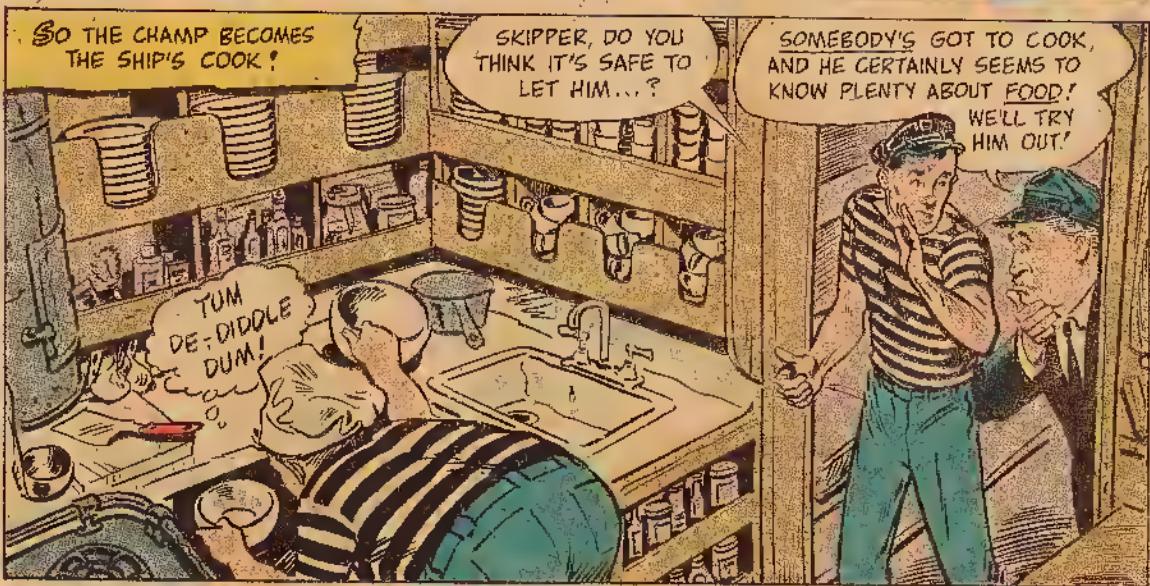
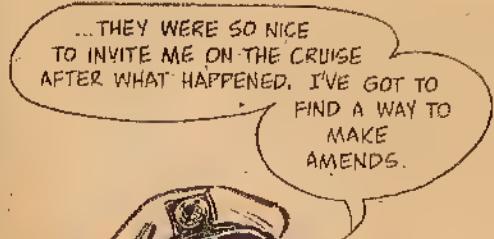
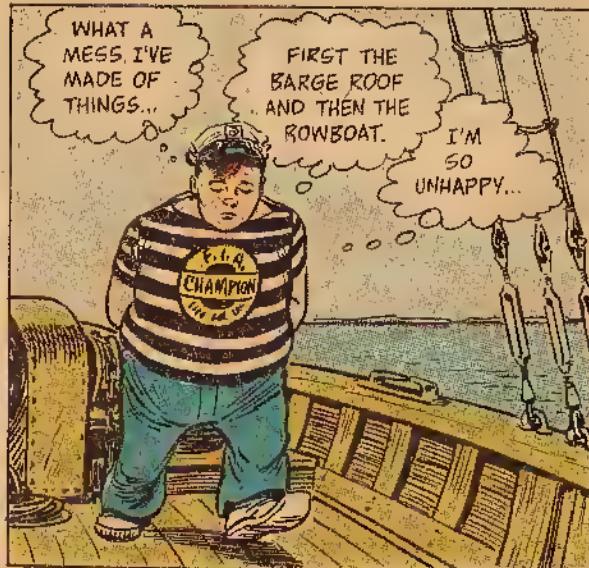


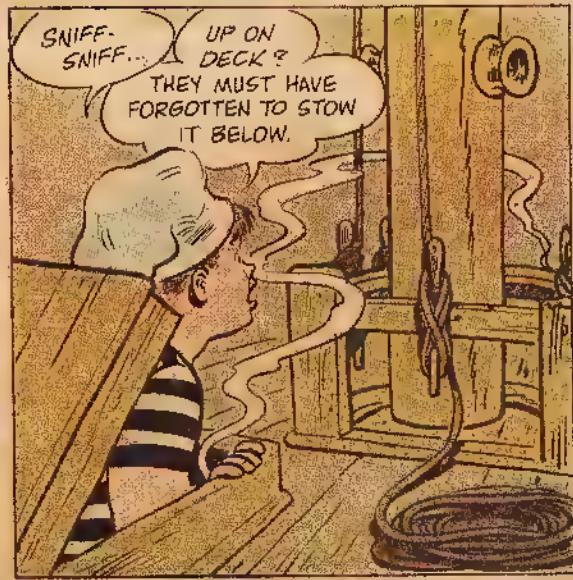
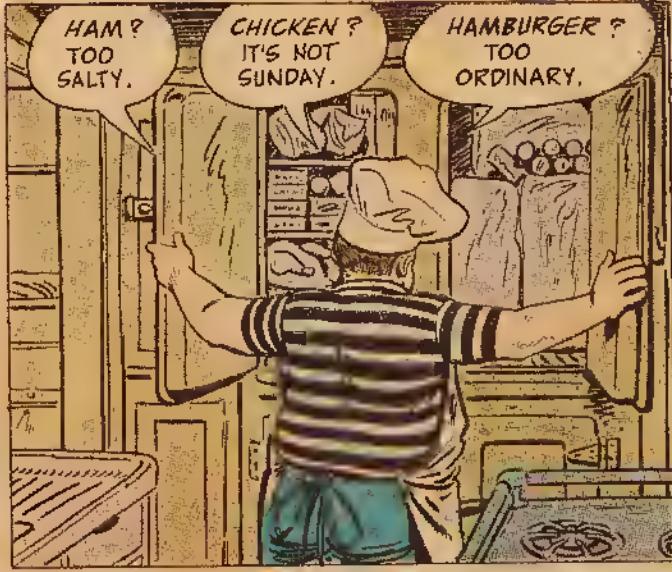
AND FINALLY THE RESOLUTE SAILS!

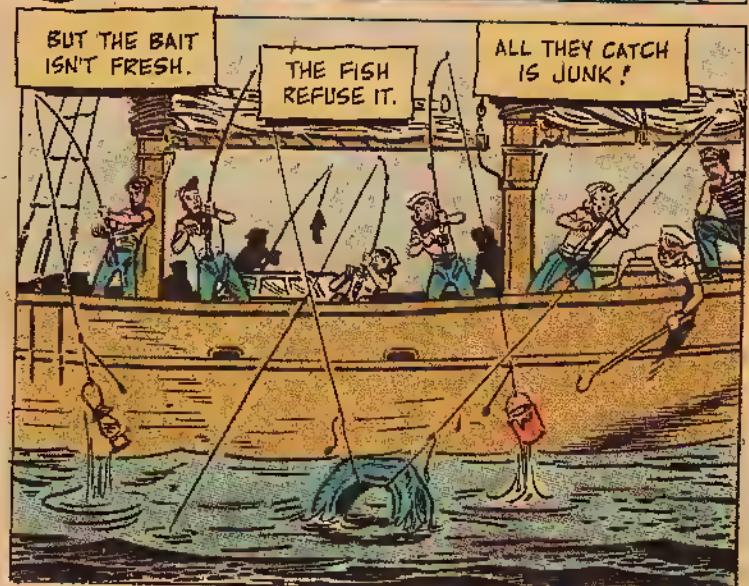
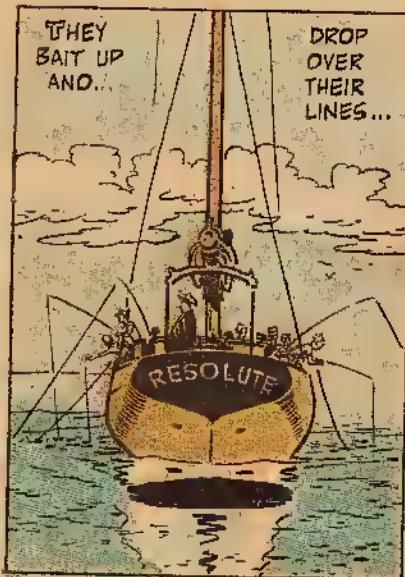
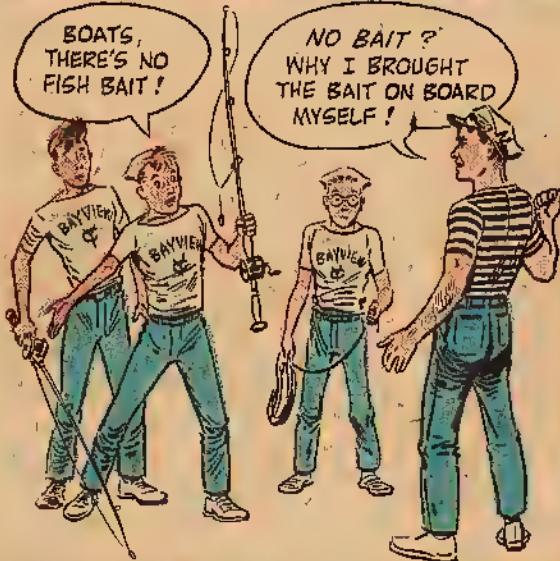
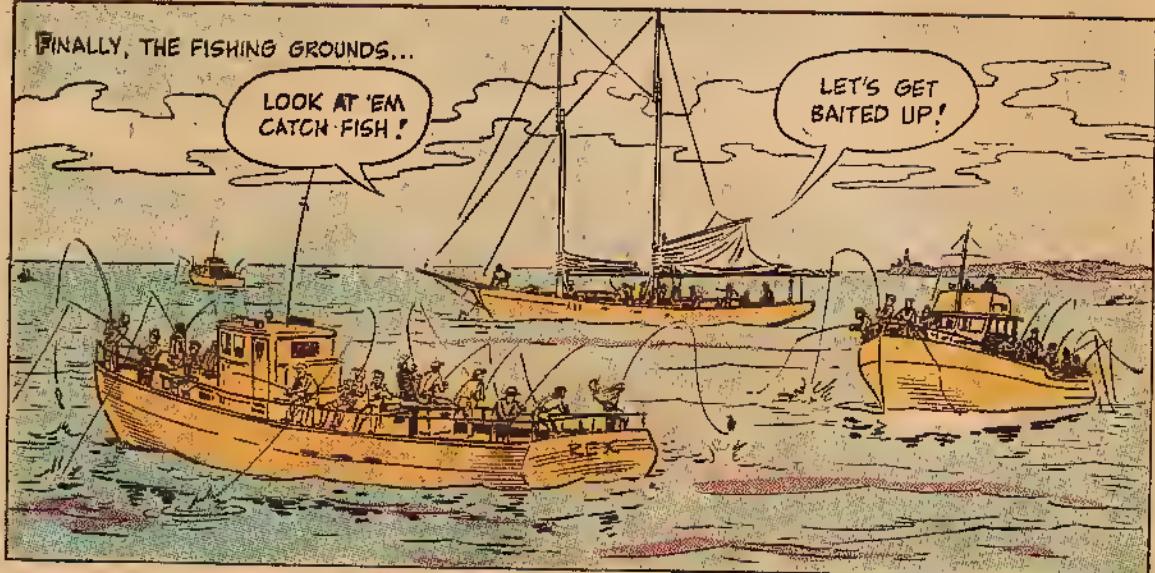
GOOD LUCK!
AND
BEAT THE
LIGHTNING
IN THE
BIG RACE!

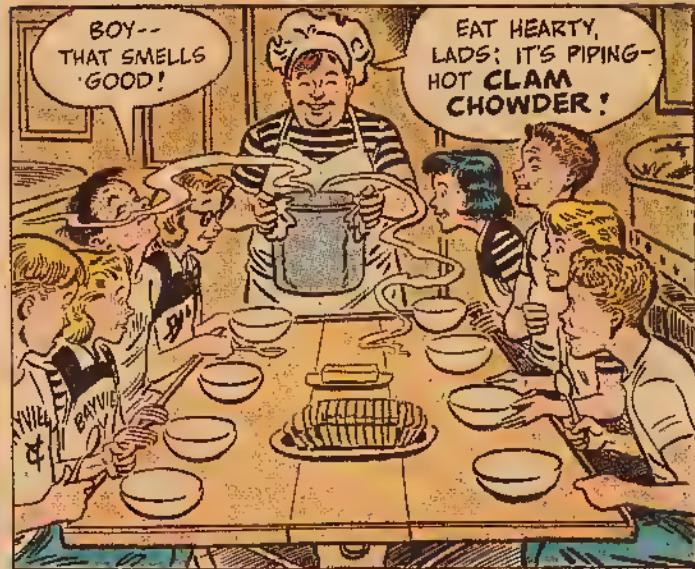












Let's Face It!

by Rev. James P. Conroy



What do you think is your most valued possession? Guess now for a moment. Your dog? That new wrist watch you got for Christmas? Your tried and trusty bicycle? Your baseball glove?

Well, any one of these things might be what you think is your most valued possession. And rightly so.

A good dog is a wonderful companion and friend. He follows you around. He runs with you and he walks with you. When the whole world is down on you—he's still your friend.

Or that new wrist watch. You look at it a hundred-times a day. You're careful where you lay it, and if you think it has stopped ticking, your heart just about stops ticking. You're really proud of it.

The bicycle? What would you do without it? It gets you back and forth to school and to church. If you had to walk to all these places you could just never do it. Yep, it's hard to beat that bicycle for a real useful article. And that's saying nothing of all the fun you have on it.

And that baseball glove! It has Mickey Mantle or some other star's name on it and if you keep practicing with that kind of glove you'll be as good as one of these "greats" someday. And how you like to sit around pausing a packet in it so that when the hot ones come along you'll stop them—just like that!

Dogs, watches, bicycles, ball gloves—all valued possessions in the life of any normal boy or girl.

But still none of these is the most valuable thing you have. There's something else more valuable—much more valuable. If you don't have it, you don't have anything. Without this thing I'm thinking of now, you aren't welcome among your crowd and everyone wants to stay as far away from you as possible.

Give up?

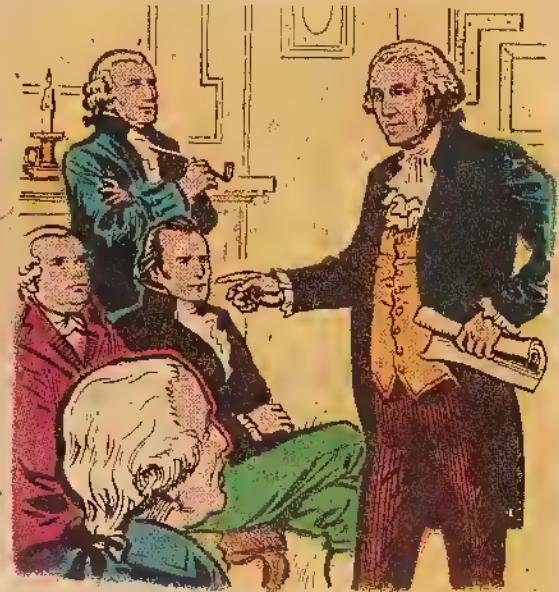
All right, I'll tell you what it is. It's your good name! That's your most valuable possession. Lose it and you lose everything. But we're not going to talk so much about losing it. Rather, let's see for a minute why it's so worth working for, even fighting for, or dying for.

All the great men (and women) you know were

great principally because they left a good name behind them. For instance, there's George Washington. There have been lots of clever leaders in history. But not all of them have been looked upon as great.

Stalin was a leader but people hated him and feared him. The world was glad to know that he had died because that meant the end of his murdering. The same with Hitler and some more of his kind.

But a man like Washington is honored and celebrated today. He was honest. He was gen-



aus and loved his country. He tried to build up a nation which would be strong and powerful and a protection to all good people everywhere. Washington had a good name.

Benedict Arnold lived during Washington's time. He was also clever and intelligent. But we remember his name today with disgust. Why? Because what Washington fought for, Arnold tried to sell out—his country. Clever as he was, he still was dishonest and disloyal.

Or take Lincoln. He was a man of talent. He worked hard and saw our country through one of its most fearful crises. Today he is still loved and

revered although he has been dead for many years. He had a good name, and that name lives on and on.

But what can you say for John Wilkes Booth, the man who in a most cowardly manner shot the great Lincoln down and robbed the country of its leader? Today the name of John Wilkes Booth is a hated name, and we are all ashamed that he ever lived in this wonderful land of ours.

Booth was a clever actor, and his family had made a wonderful name for itself on the stage both in this country and in England. But that was not sufficient to give Booth greatness.

There are still other names to remember. In the history of the Church, we have the great St. Athanasius, for instance. In one of the early councils of the Church, Athanasius argued against the

else in life. There's St. Mary Goretti who would rather die than sin. There's St. Dominic Savio, the young boy who endured all kinds of unkind talk about being a "goody-goody" rather than give up his ambition to be a saint and to love God more than all else.

And you can go back into the old Testament and read all about the seven sons of Machabee. They died one after the other—cruel deaths—rather than give up their God and adore a false one. They did not want to be known as weaklings or cowards and preferred to die rather than live with a bad name.

Now where does that leave you? Are you careful about your good name? Or are you careless about it? It makes a lot of difference, and sooner or later you will understand what a valuable thing



greatest theologians of his day for a certain important point which he knew was right. He was described by the Church writers of his time as "Athanasius against the world!" That meant that he was alone in his fight.

But he won and today the Church is grateful for the work of Athanasius. His name is a great name in the history of the Church.

Not so, though, with Martin Luther, the man who started Protestantism. He was a man gifted with many talents. He had a brilliant mind and was a renowned writer.

But Martin Luther's name today is remembered by Catholics with sorrow and sadness. He turned against the Church and, like Benedict Arnold, became a traitor. Because of him, today millions of people who would otherwise be Catholics have been robbed of the gift of faith and are members of religions outside the Church. Luther has lost his good name.

We could go on and on pointing out people who regarded their good name above everything

you have in your good name.

If you have good parents, then that means you came into the world with a good family name. Your parents fought hard for it and they pass it on to you, like a valuable jewel—a diamond or ruby—to be kept shining and bright.

What are you doing to keep that good name and even improve on it? Do you study hard? Do you work hard at the tasks given you by your parents, priests, and teachers? Do people mention your name with respect?

Or are you one of those boys or girls whom people speak of with a shake of their head? Are you one who causes your parents to hang their head in shame by reason of the way you waste your time in school, fool around in church or engage in horseplay all the day long? If you are, you are one of those who are losing their good name and who will be a long time getting it back—if ever.

Work hard to make people like and respect you. Treasure your good name!

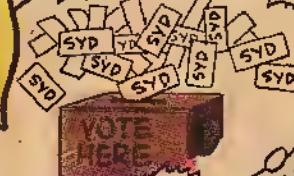
CITIZENIZING SYD

The LEAGUE of WOMEN VOTERS

ILLUSTRATIONS by
BILL MARTIN

I HEAR BOB SAID HE WISHES HE DIDN'T HAVE TO GO TO OUR SCHOOL. HE THINKS MOST OF US ARE PRETTY STUPID AND THAT THE BOYS ON THE TEAM WITH HIM ARE PRETTY BAD PLAYERS.

YOU LIKE BICYCLE RIDING AND YOU DON'T HAVE A BIKE OF YOUR OWN. COME ON AND BORROW MINE.



I'M ON MY WAY TO THE LIBRARY. IF THOSE BOOKS YOU WANTED ARE IN I'LL TAKE THEM OUT AND BRING THEM OVER TO YOUR HOUSE.



Prepared under the supervision of the Commission on American Citizenship, Catholic University of America — Washington, D.C.



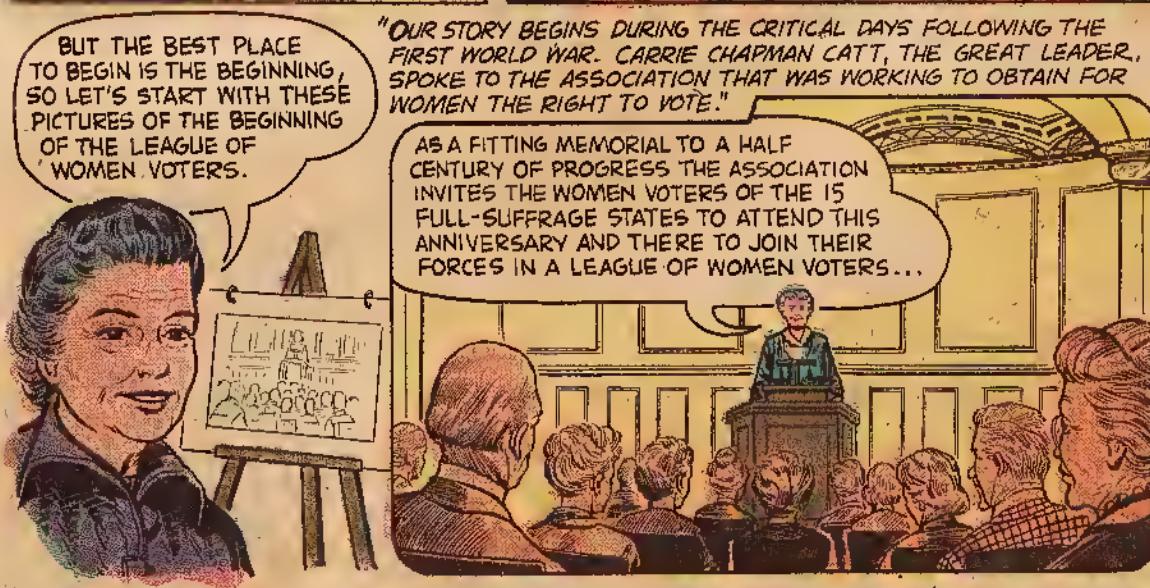
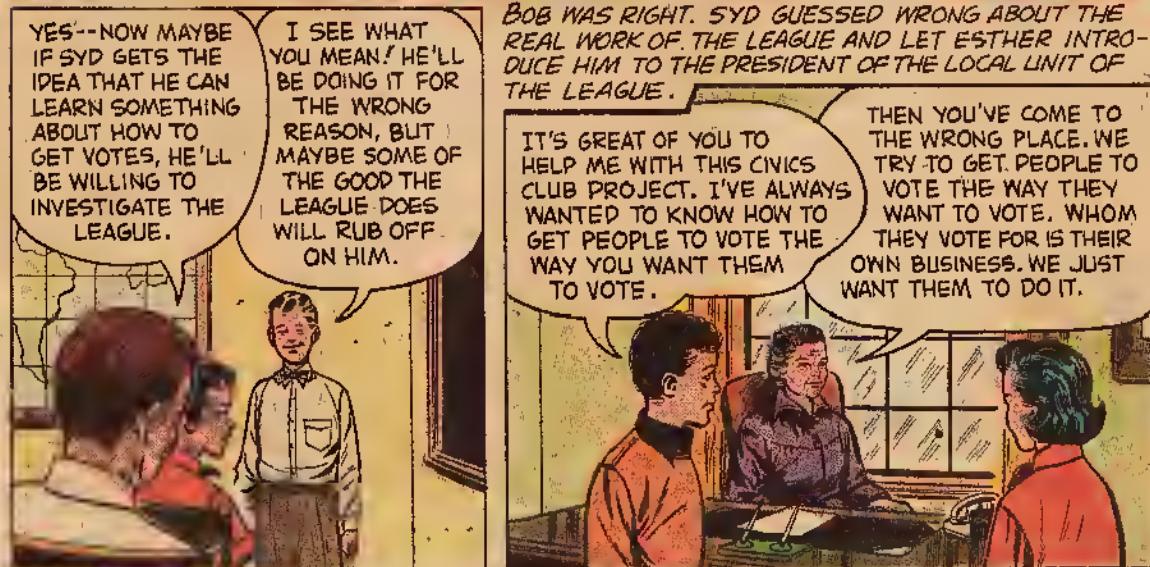
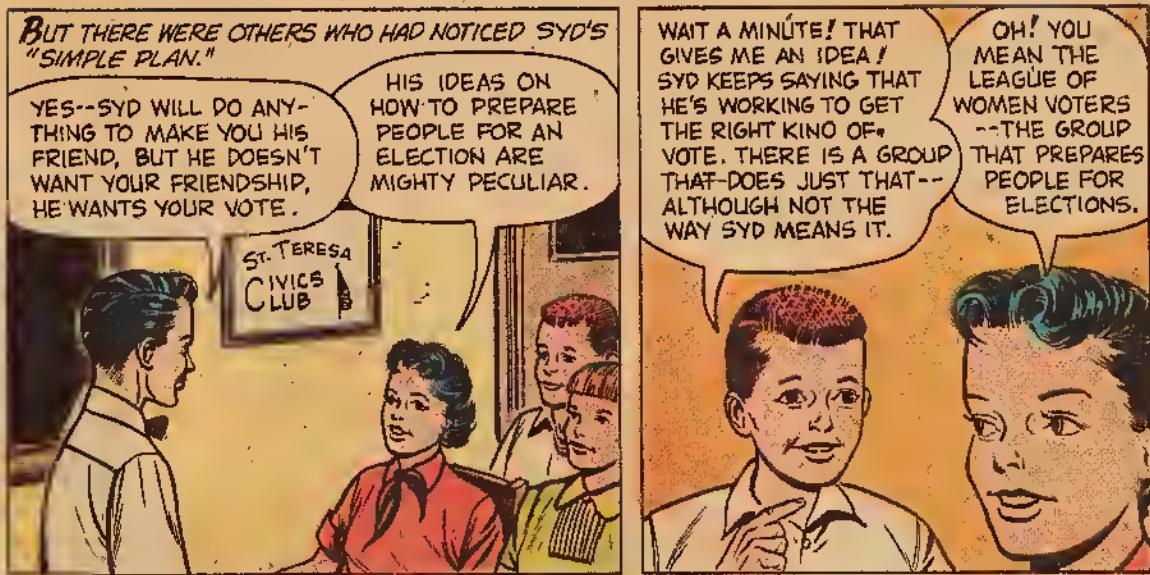
SAY! YOU'RE GETTING TO BE THE SCHOOL DO-GOODER. YOU'VE BEEN GOING OUT OF YOUR WAY TO MAKE PEOPLE LIKE YOU. HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR OPINION ABOUT THE PLACE?

NO, SIR! I'M STILL THE SAME. I DON'T WANT FRIENDSHIP FROM THESE SILLY PEOPLE -- I WANT VOTES. HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHAT'S COMING UP NEXT WEEK?

OH SURE! THE CLASS ELECTION. ARE YOU GOING TO RUN?

RIGHT! THAT'S PART OF MY VERY SIMPLE PROGRAM. DO SMALL FAVORS FOR PEOPLE WHO CAN PUT YOU IN A POSITION WHERE YOU CAN MAKE THEM DO THINGS FOR YOU. AND IT DOESN'T HURT TO DROP A FEW INTERESTING HINTS ABOUT YOUR OPPONENTS.





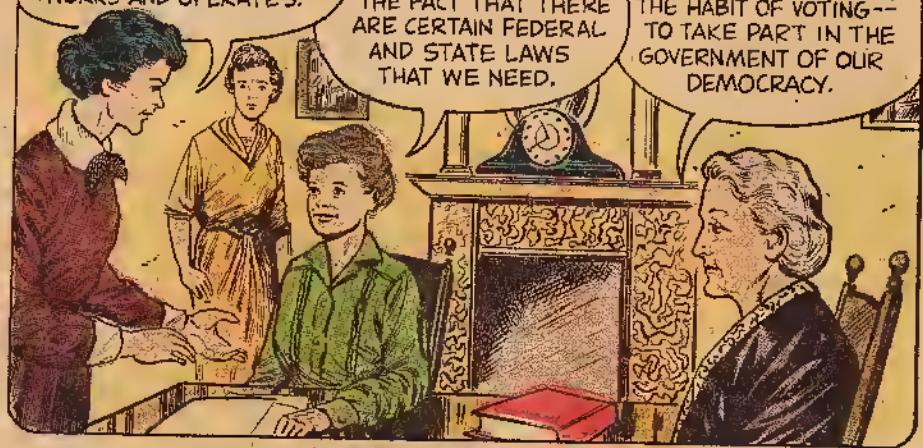
THE 19TH AMENDMENT, GIVING WOMEN THE RIGHT TO VOTE, WAS ADOPTED IN 1920 AND THE LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS WAS FORMED. FROM THE VERY BEGINNING THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED TO DO.



MRS. PARK, WE MUST EDUCATE LEAGUE WOMEN AND OTHER CITIZENS IN THE WAY OUR GOVERNMENT WORKS AND OPERATES.

YES, AND AS FIRST PRESIDENT, I'M GOING TO DO MY BEST TO WAKE PEOPLE UP TO THE FACT THAT THERE ARE CERTAIN FEDERAL AND STATE LAWS THAT WE NEED.

AND DON'T FORGET, MAUD, A THIRD THING WE WANT IS TO GET WOMEN AND MEN INTO THE HABIT OF VOTING-- TO TAKE PART IN THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR DEMOCRACY.



THE LADIES HAD TAKEN ON A BIG JOB FOR THEMSELVES, BUT ALL OVER THE COUNTRY THERE WERE GROUPS WHO WERE READY, WILLING, AND ABLE TO DO IT! ALL THEY NEEDED WAS THE GREEN LIGHT. THEY DIDN'T MIND MIXING IN PUBLIC LIFE FOR THE COMMON GOOD. I CALL THIS KIND OF GROUP A "DOERS" GROUP.

"ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS THEY HAD TO DO WAS TO GIVE THE WOMEN THEMSELVES A NEW LOOK AT GOVERNMENT. A PLAN WAS WORKED OUT IN 1920..."

BUT I AM A CITIZEN. WHY SHOULD I HAVE TO GO TO SCHOOL FOR IT?

BECAUSE THERE YOU CAN LEARN ABOUT HOW TO BE A BETTER CITIZEN. HERE IN OUR TOWN THE CITIZENSHIP SCHOOL MEETS THREE TIMES A WEEK FOR TWO MONTHS.



I BROUGHT MY FRIEND TO HEAR MR. ROSING'S TALK ON THE IDEALS UPON WHICH A TRUE DEMOCRACY IS BASED.

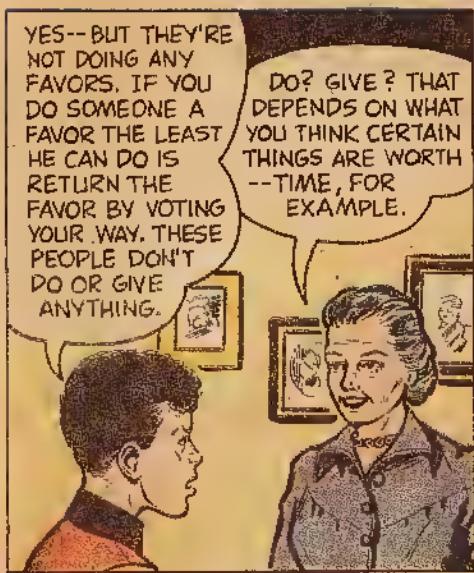
GOOD--THEN SHE'LL BE ABLE TO JOIN IN THE OPEN DISCUSSION ABOUT HOW CLOSELY WE LIVE UP TO THOSE IDEALS IN THIS COUNTRY.



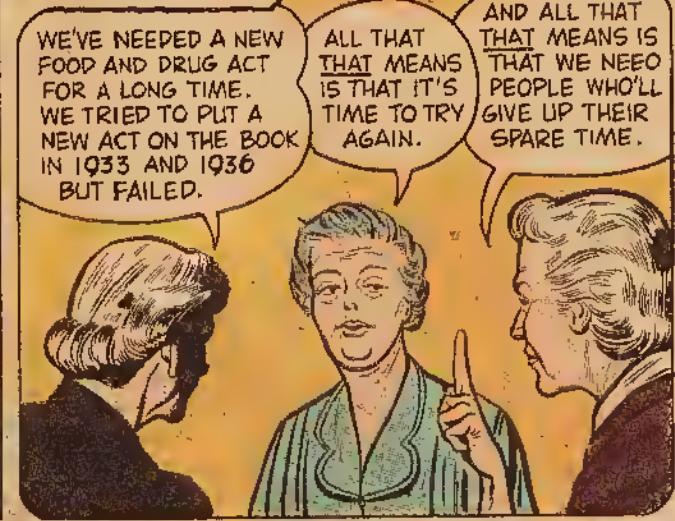
AND OF COURSE, ALTHOUGH WE NEVER TELL PEOPLE WHOM TO VOTE FOR, WE DO SHOW THEM HOW TO VOTE. WE'LL SHOW THEM HOW TO MARK A BALLOT OR WORK A VOTING MACHINE.

YOU SEE, SYD--THEY DON'T WANT YOUR VOTE -- THEY WANT YOU TO VOTE INTELLIGENTLY.

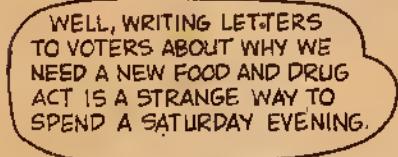




"IN 1938 THERE WAS AN IMPORTANT BILL COMING UP IN CONGRESS..."



"AND THERE WERE PEOPLE WHO HAD SOMETHING TO GIVE WHO GAVE IT GLADLY."



IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO LET ME DROP IN ON YOUR SUNDAY AFTERNOON MEETING TO TELL YOU WHY THE LEAGUE THINKS WE SHOULD ALL WRITE TO OUR CONGRESSMEN ABOUT THE PROPOSED FOOD AND DRUG ACT.

THIS "HORROR EXHIBIT" WILL SHOW PEOPLE WHAT CAN BE SOLD TO THEM UNDER THE OLD FOOD AND DRUG ACT.





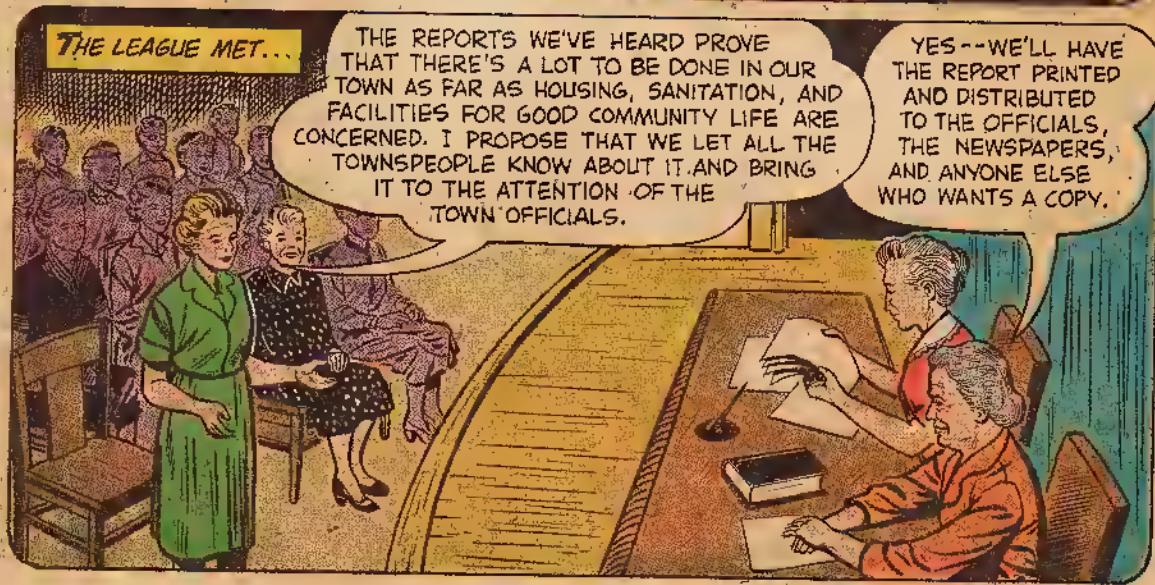
"SO IT WAS DECIDED THAT A REPORT BE MADE ON THE HOUSING SITUATION AND THE AIDS THE TOWN HAD THAT MADE FOR GOOD COMMUNITY LIFE."



THE LEAGUE MET...

THE REPORTS WE'VE HEARD PROVE THAT THERE'S A LOT TO BE DONE IN OUR TOWN AS FAR AS HOUSING, SANITATION, AND FACILITIES FOR GOOD COMMUNITY LIFE ARE CONCERNED. I PROPOSE THAT WE LET ALL THE TOWNSPEOPLE KNOW ABOUT IT AND BRING IT TO THE ATTENTION OF THE TOWN OFFICIALS.

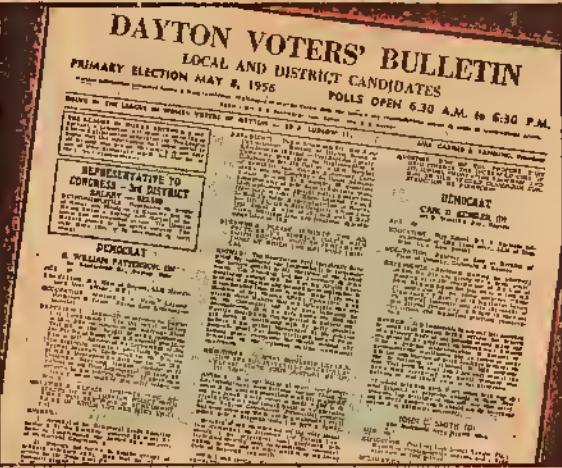
YES--WE'LL HAVE THE REPORT PRINTED AND DISTRIBUTED TO THE OFFICIALS, THE NEWSPAPERS, AND ANYONE ELSE WHO WANTS A COPY.

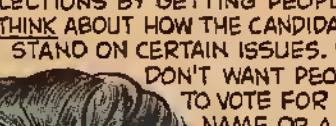


SYD SEEMS TO HAVE
STRANGE IDEAS ABOUT
HOW THE LEAGUE "FIXES"
ELECTIONS, MRS. BUEKER.
COULD YOU STRAIGHTEN
HIM OUT ABOUT THAT?

LET'S SHOW HIM
HOW WE DO
"INFLUENCE"
ELECTIONS. HERE'S
ONE OF THE
THINGS WE DO AT
ELECTION TIME.

"WE WRITE TO EVERY LOCAL CANDIDATE, ASK HIM HOW HE STANDS ON VARIOUS PUBLIC QUESTIONS, THEN PUBLISH A BULLETIN WHICH GIVES THE POLITICAL HISTORY AND OPINIONS OF THE CANDIDATES."

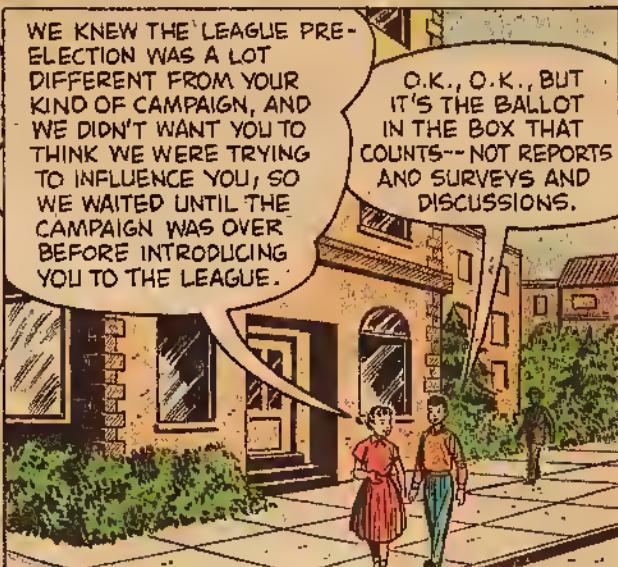




YOU SEE, WE DO INFLUENCE ELECTIONS BY GETTING PEOPLE TO THINK ABOUT HOW THE CANDIDATES STAND ON CERTAIN ISSUES. WE DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO VOTE FOR A NAME OR A POLITICAL SYMBOL. WE WANT THEM TO VOTE FOR THE ONE THEY THINK WILL DO THE JOB BEST.

WE KNEW THE LEAGUE PRE-ELECTION WAS A LOT DIFFERENT FROM YOUR KIND OF CAMPAIGN, AND WE DIDN'T WANT YOU TO THINK WE WERE TRYING TO INFLUENCE YOU, SO WE WAITED UNTIL THE CAMPAIGN WAS OVER BEFORE INTRODUCING YOU TO THE LEAGUE.

O.K., O.K., BUT
IT'S THE BALLOT
IN THE BOX THAT
COUNTS-- NOT REPORTS
AND SURVEYS AND
DISCUSSIONS.



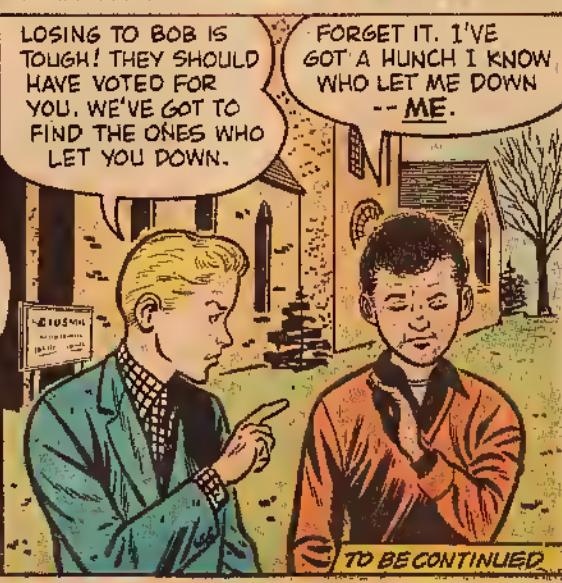
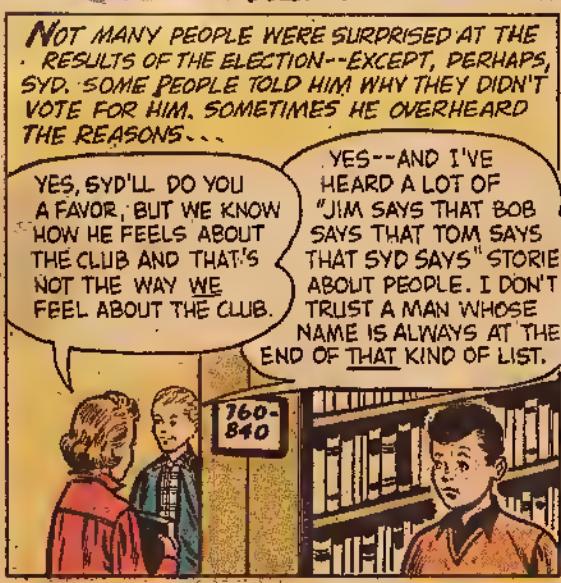
NOT MANY PEOPLE WERE SURPRISED AT THE RESULTS OF THE ELECTION--EXCEPT, PERHAPS, SYD. SOME PEOPLE TOLD HIM WHY THEY DIDN'T VOTE FOR HIM. SOMETIMES HE OVERHEARD THE REASONS...

LOSING TO BOB IS
TOUGH! THEY SHOULD
HAVE VOTED FOR
YOU. WE'VE GOT TO
FIND THE ONES WHO
LET YOU DOWN.

FORGET IT. I'VE
GOT A HUNCH I KNOW
WHO LET ME DOWN
-- ME.

YES, SYD'LL DO YOU
A FAVOR, BUT WE KNOW
HOW HE FEELS ABOUT
THE CLUB AND THAT'S
NOT THE WAY WE
FEEL ABOUT THE CLUB.

YES--AND I'VE
HEARD A LOT OF
"JIM SAYS THAT BOB
SAYS THAT TOM SAYS
THAT SYD SAYS" STORIES
ABOUT PEOPLE. I DON'T
TRUST A MAN WHOSE
NAME IS ALWAYS AT THE
END OF THAT KIND OF LIST.



TO BE CONTINUED



CHEST CHUCKLES

by
MILT HAMMER

I CAN LICK YOU ANY DAY IN THE WEEK!

O.K. - LET'S NOT FIGHT OVER IT!

I BETCHA CAN'T GIVE ME TWO PRONOUNS!

WHO?
ME?



IF YOU GOT 100 IN ARITHMETIC, HOW COME YOU DIDN'T PASS THE TEST?

BECAUSE THE ANSWER WAS 200!!

SEE-ALL DOGS LIKE ME. THEY ALWAYS LICK MY HANDS!

MAYBE IF YOU ATE WITH A FORK, YOU WOULDN'T BE BOthered SO MUCH!!



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